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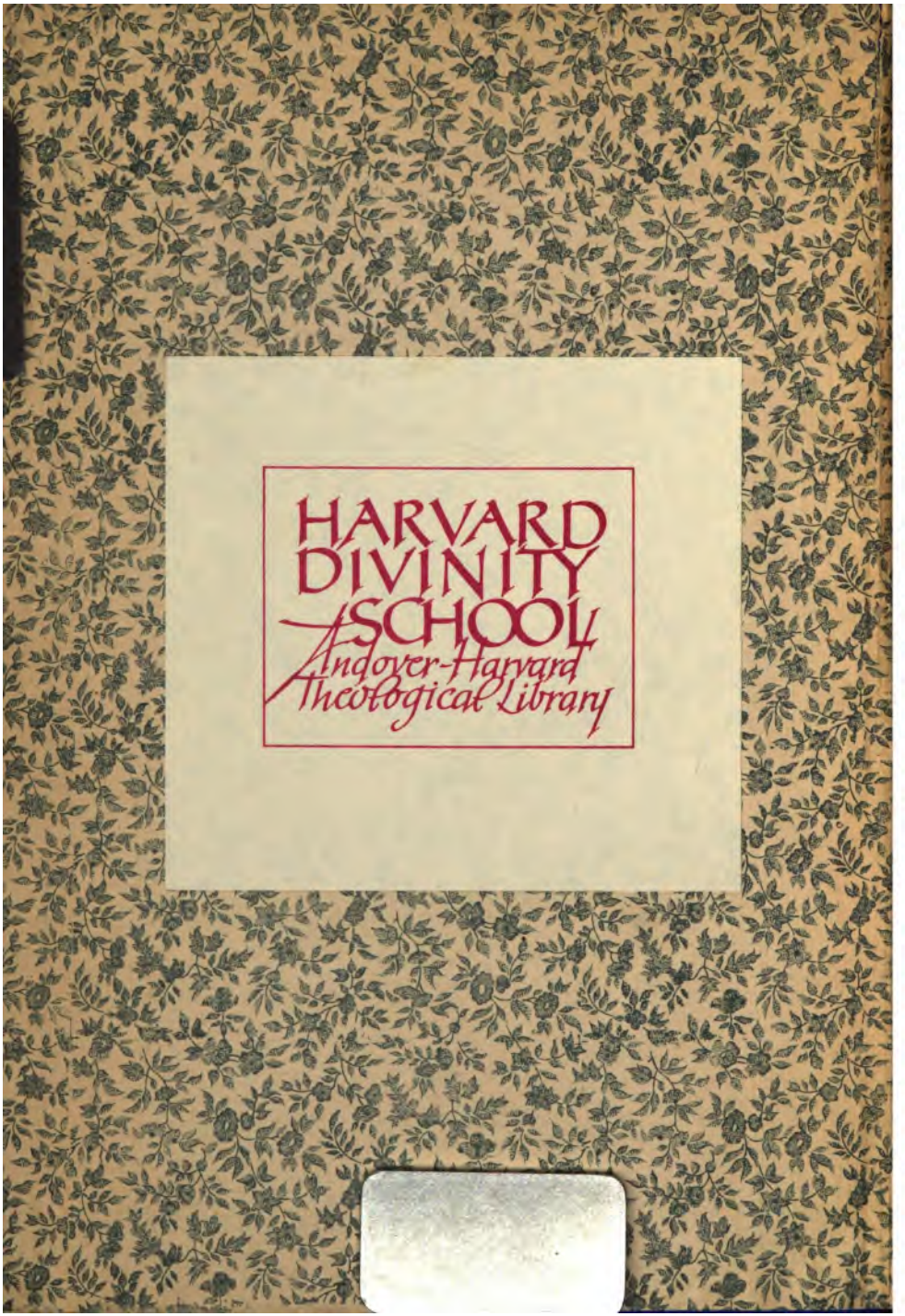
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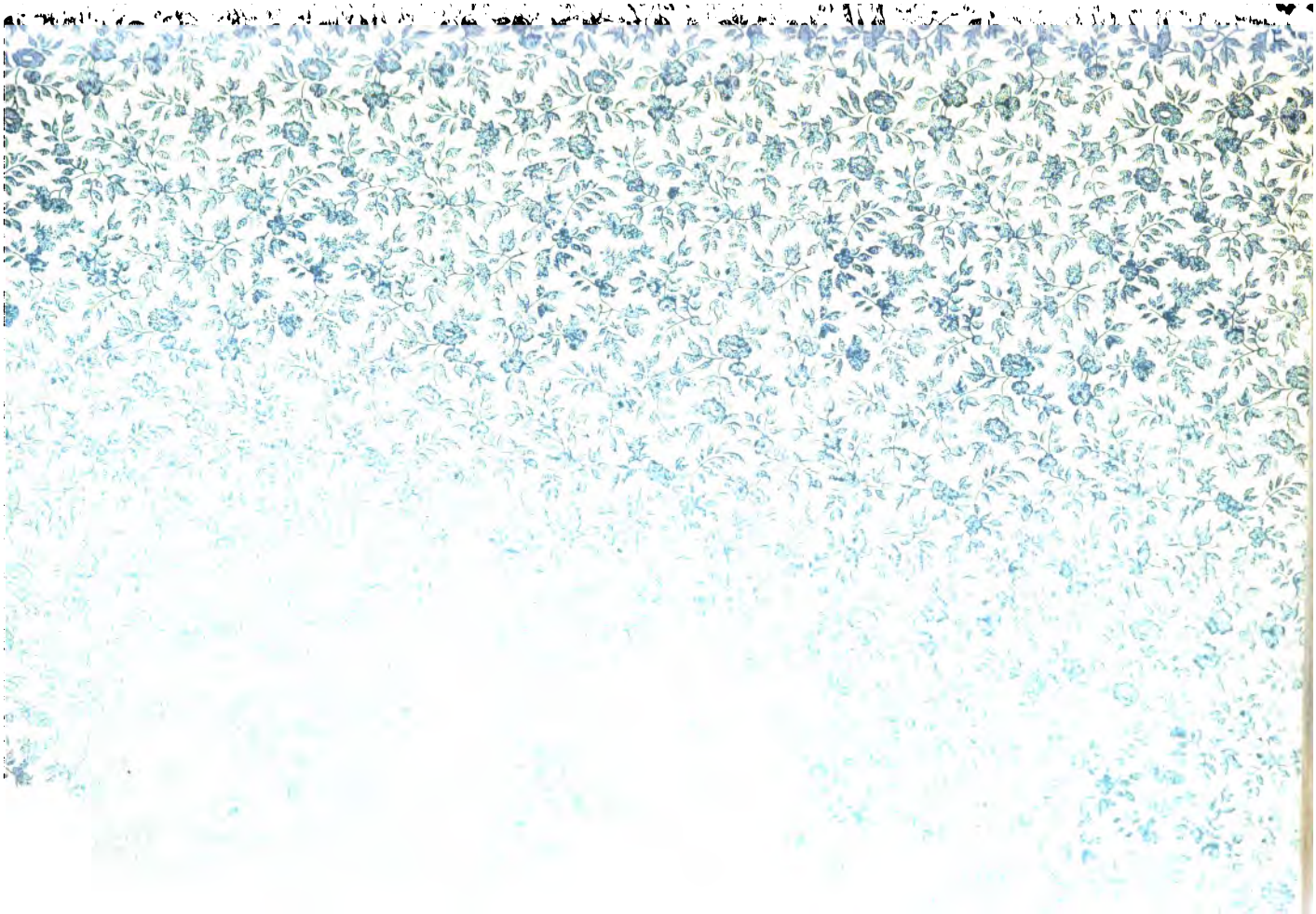
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Story of the Tunes


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THE

Story of the Tunes.

FOR HOME READING, PRAISE MEETINGS,
AND LECTURES ON SACRED MUSIC.

ILLUSTRATED WITH ANECDOTES.

HEZEKIAH BUTTERWORTH, A. M.,
AUTHOR OF "THE STORY OF THE HYMNS."



AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY,
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CONTENTS.

Illustrations 4

Introduction 5

The Praise-Meeting and its Music 12

The Tune-Writers. 15

The Missionary Praise-Service 187

Christmas Carols 195

Old Revival Melodies 205

The Authors of Preludes, Interludes, and Postludes. . . . 211

Praise-Meeting Anecdotes of the Mission of Music 221

The New Song 237

Index and Notes 243

ILLUSTRATIONS.

Mason, Lowell . . . . . FRONTISPIECE.
Bliss, P. P. 17
Handel, George Frederick 36
Haydn, Joseph 39
Gustavus Adolphus 41
Elliott, Charlotte 43
Phillips, Philip 65
Luther, Martin 74
Heber, Reginald 114
Muhlenberg, W. H. 121
Sankey, Ira D. 126
Bonar, Horatius 128
Palmer, Ray 134
Bach, Johann Sebastian 145
Ken, Thomas 169
Mozart, J. C. W. A. 200
Havergal, Frances Ridley 229
Calvin, John. 245

INTRODUCTION.

THE volume to which this is intended to be a companion was published in 1875, under the title of "The Story of the Hymns." The George Wood Gold Medal for that year was awarded to the book, and it has passed through numerous editions, including an *edition de luxe.*

It was written as a spiritual help to the intelligent singing and use of hymns, but it soon found an unexpected field: it was made the text-book of Praise Services in many churches, the story of the hymn being told in the pulpit before the singing of it by the congregation or choir. The people were thus instructed in the religious experiences of the originators of the hymns, and the reflex influence in some instances proved the beginning of spiritual revivals.

The author has been impressed with the thought that the experiences of the tune-writers would make an interesting addition and companion to the earlier work, especially for the purpose of the Praise Service. So strong was the impression that from time to time he has turned aside from a busy life to secure and collect, from the most trustworthy sources, histories and anecdotes of tunes that he regarded as useful to leaders of Praise-Meetings by illustrating the spiritual value of music in worship. The Praise Service meets

the needs of many small towns and neighborhoods where regular preaching cannot be secured. Christian people are called together to hear the Word of God read and to sing his praise, and such services have often proved the beginning of an enduring gospel work.

To help the leader of such meetings to make the service effective for good seemed to the author a useful work. In prosecuting it he has had the friendship of some of the most popular and intelligent writers of church music and gospel hymns.

That the volume may prove helpful both in the Praise Service and the Christian home, is the author's earnest desire. He could not include the history of all popular hymn-tunes, but only that of such as seem to best meet the present experience of the church and the wants of private devotion.

As to *the true value of a hymn-tune*, the law that the best survives, and that that is the best which will do the most good, is as true of hymns and tunes as of other human efforts; the best in sacred music, however, is not always that which most closely follows the rules of musical or technical art or the standards of the schools, but that which is most spiritual and inspiring.

Grand compositions of perfect workmanship often become lost to music as the years go by, while a simple strain that truly interprets the soul lives and becomes immortal. The hymn so well known as "Jesus, lover of my soul" will not bear close literary criticism and analysis, but it is the true language of

the soul, and will outlive the more ambitious work of the rhetorician. Pleyel filled France with his works and the world with his fame, and he could hardly have dreamed that the simple soul-melody known in all lands as "Pleyel's Hymn" would keep alive his name when the numerous secular works with which he pleased the ear of his own time should cease to be heard. It is because of the spiritual value of the tune that the church holds it among her jewels.

Many of the so-called "Gospel Hymn" tunes of to-day will undoubtedly be made more perfect and will outlive more elaborate work, because they well-nigh perfectly express the needs, aspirations, and experiences of the heart. To express what is spiritual requires not simply genius; it implies a spiritual fire. Criticism has little influence in such matters; the soul recognizes its own tongue. "He is a genius," says a great thinker, "who gives me back my own thoughts." It is so with hymn-music. From this point of view the authors of many gospel hymns, while we could wish the art-work more perfect, are yet deserving of a more worthy place and name in music than they receive from the schools.

It is a rare gift to be able, by any art, to catch and express the spirit of things, and it is almost a prophetic gift to be able thus to interpret spiritual life and to form language for the inner tongue to express the unseen revelations of divine love. "Spiritual things are spiritually discerned," and the church will always find her voice in many tunes which fashionable art ignores.

The best music for the church is that which is the most spiritual, and of this quality secular schools and undevout minds, whatever may be their accomplishments, can be but imperfect judges. The church, to be true to her mission, must ever select her own tunes in accordance with her own inward experiences and outward needs. But the great tunes of the church, like the great hymns of the church, in which spirituality and art unite, are the imperishable monuments of the soul's progress; and consecrated art is one of the soul's best offerings to God. While the broad mind will never undervalue a simple gospel hymn that goes out to the world to reform, comfort, and help, it must ever find its highest expression of praise in the grand music of the greatest spiritual composers, and must feel even in that the inadequacy of human art to express what is infinite in goodness and boundless in love. "God is greatly to be praised:" this was the inspiring thought of old Hebrew Psalms and of the temple's oratorios.

> "Come, let us adore him; come, bow at his feet;
> Oh, give him the glory, the praise that is meet;
> Let joyful hosannas unceasing arise,
> And join the full chorus that gladdens the skies."

A number of interesting books have been written on hymn-writers, giving the history of hymns, but no book, so far as we know, has been written on the authors of hymn-tunes. The music is half of every grand hymn, the chariot of the soul of song. The notes convey impressions as well as the words, and

the tune-writer, as well as the hymn-writer, is a spiritual benefactor.

One pleasant June day we rode from Wakefield to a bowery old farm in Reading, because we were told that there Dr. George F. Root used to live, and that there, amid a saintly family, he had been inspired to write many of those tunes which have become voices in the churches. We knew something of the influence of such tunes in gospel work and progress; we thought of the single tune called the "Shining Shore"—how it had found a place in the memory of every American Protestant Christian, was well known in England, was a favorite in Scotland, was familiar in Germany, and had gone with the missionary into all lands. It was a pleasure to walk about the old house and amid the orchards and pine groves where such spiritual inspiration was born, and we still retain pleasant memories of the old North Reading "Willow Farm."

We recently visited by invitation a lovely Christian home on Shawmut Avenue, Boston, to see the old melodeon on which Oliver Holden composed the hymn-tune "Coronation," nearly one hundred years ago (1792). Perronet's words are inspiring, but they would have been wingless without the tune. What a flame of fire has that tune been to untold millions of aspiring souls in all lands for so many years!

America has produced few great musical works that are known in other lands and that have entered into the common experience of mankind; but her

simple hymn-tunes are everywhere recognized as true spiritual inspirations, and are sung in all Christian lands. They have become, as it were, a universal spiritual language. The street boy in London knows them; the old Scottish woman in her simple cottage, the boatmen on the Rhine, the street Arabs of Constantinople, and the half-naked children on the islands of the southern seas are familiar with them. They are sung on Sabbath evenings in palaces; they are sung on the steamers that cross the sea.

"What shall we sing?" asked a minister in the steerage of an English steamer; "it must be something that we all know, and here are gathered people from nearly all the countries of Europe."

"Then it must be an *American* hymn-tune," said the master of the steerage. "Try 'His Jewels.'"

There were a thousand people in the steerage whose future home was to be America; very many of them knew that simple air. The very chimes in the old steeples had taught it to them. So the song arose as one voice:

"When he cometh,
When he cometh
To make up his jewels."

"Now what shall we have next?" asked the minister.

"'What a Friend we have in Jesus!'" was the answer.

That song followed in three different languages as one voice.

The ship landed at Quebec; the thousand emigrants filled two long trains of cars, one train going east and the other towards the Georgian Bay. As the two trains separated each was filled with the song, "When he cometh!" The whistle shrieked, and the words died away amid the shadows of the Canadian woods. It was the *tune* that had made the hymn a common language.

The number of tunes that belong to the general experience of the Protestant Church is not large. It is being increased by the addition of the most spiritual tunes and musical inspirations of the Roman-catholic Church; for spiritual music becomes universal, whatever its source, as Christianity itself rises above its working and missionary divisions.

The tunes which we have selected for notice in this volume are generally familiar to Protestant congregations or in use in the choirs of most evangelical churches. The historic facts concerning many of them are such as tend to add to the estimate in which they are held and to prove spiritually helpful to the singers of them.

THE PRAISE MEETING AND ITS MUSIC.

THE Praise Meeting, as we now term the special service of sacred song, originated with Dr. Eben Tourjée, Director of the New England Conservatory of Music, in the Methodist church in Warren, Rhode Island, where a part of Dr. Tourjée's early life was spent and where he was married. For this Methodist church he has preserved a strong affection.

Dr. Eben Tourjée was born at Warwick, Rhode Island, June 1, 1834. He was of Huguenot descent. His musical inspiration came to him in boyhood. His parents were religious people, and he early felt an ambition to use music for the spread of the gospel. Gov. Harris ot Rhode Island had noticed young Tourjée's love of music, and said to him on one occasion,

"I wish that you would learn to play the organ as soon as possible. Here is the key."

The boy took the key with a trembling hand and went to the church organ, on which he had never played before. That organ key was the key of his destiny.

His early life was a struggle with poverty under the inspiration of great and noble plans and ideals. To make music a service of God, as it has been in the land of Luther, has been his leading aim. The thought expressed by Champlain in regard to the new French provinces that he had founded, "These king-

doms are for God," seems to be the ruling idea of Dr. Tourjée in respect to music.

Dr. Tourjée, with the best of opportunities to become a rich man, conscientiously remained poor, in order the better to give his life to his calling and art. He became an organist and public singer, organized the "Conservatory of Music" at the Providence Conference Seminary, East Greenwich, R. I.; established the "New England Conservatory of Music," Boston; secured the teaching of music in the public schools of Massachusetts; and originated the plan of Praise Services, which he promoted by lectures and by specimen and model services of the kind in many cities and towns. The New England Conservatory has more than two thousand pupils yearly, and it is the purpose of its director to make it a Christian home. Employing some of the greatest instructors in the world, Dr. Tourjée has never lost sight of his early consecration.

His connection with the great "Peace Jubilee" is historic, but is a matter of minor importance in comparison with his service in the great choirs and choruses of Boston for evangelistic work. Who can ever forget the chorus which he organized for the Tabernacle meeting in connection with the work of Messrs. Moody and Sankey? or the singing by that chorus of the thrilling gospel song, "To the work! to the work!"

The Christian world owes him a debt of gratitude for his plan of Praise Services, voiced in the people's

music of all lands. His devout thought and sincerely religious enthusiasm, which have never been used for any selfish end, enter into them all.

The plan of the Praise Meeting is somewhat similar to that of the popular English Service of Song, with connected Scripture readings, the design of the meeting being to illustrate a single subject by Scripture and song. To-day these meetings often consist of a general singing of familiar tunes; and while the grand chorals are used at the introduction and close, the simple, spiritual music of Doane, Lowry, Main, Woodbury, Bradbury, Phillips, Hull, Murray, Root, and Bliss fills the larger part of the hour. In all such services the spirit of worship should reign supreme, and the gratification of the musical faculty should minister to the religious exercise. People desire home singing, or the spiritual songs of the heart, for the Praise Service, and not an exhibition of high art. Hence the German chorals and American tunes are most used.

This is true not only of our own land, but also of England. There it is customary to issue programmes of the service in the form of printed tracts or leaflets, and these published Praise Services, of which millions of copies have been sold, are filled with German and American music. It is hoped that the anecdotes which have been added to the brief histories of many of the tunes may prove helpful to the directors of such services.

THE

TUNE-WRITERS.

ADESTE FIDELES, OR PORTUGUESE HYMN.

MARCUS PORTUGAL 1763-1834. ADAPTED BY JOHN READING. 17—.

THE origin of the hymn is uncertain; it was translated from the Latin by Rev. Frederic Oakeley, about 1841.

"Frederic Oakeley graduated M. A. at Oxford and took orders in the Church of England. He became prebendary of Lichfield Cathedral, preacher at Whitehall, and incumbent of Margaret Chapel, London. He was active in the 'Oxford Movement,' and in 1845 called attention to his views for the purpose of seeing if he could continue to hold an Oxford degree with so great a change in his opinions. The question was tried, and he was perpetually suspended unless he retracted. He then resigned his positions in the Church of England and entered the Church of Rome, in which he became a priest, and canon of the diocese of Westminster. His publications are numerous, and some of them have considerable value."

"Annotations to the Episcopal Hymnal."

It was also translated by Edward Caswall (born 1814) under the title of "Come hither, ye faithful."

The tune is known by Romanists as "The Midnight Mass." It used to be sung in the processions of priests and nuns and the religious orders on their way from their houses to the church on Christmas morning. It is known in some Protestant churches as the Portuguese Hymn, so called because the tune was brought to England from Portugal.

The hymn has been attributed to Bonaventura (1221–1274).

Adeste fideles,
Læti triumphantes,
Venite, venite in Bethlehem.
Natum videte Regem angelorum.

CHORUS.

Venite adoremus,
Venite adoremus;
Venite adoremus Dominum.

Deum de Deo,
Lumen de lumine,
Gestant puellæ viscera.
Deum verum genitum non factum.—CHO.

Cantet nunc Io
Chorus angelorum,
Cantet nunc aula cœlestium.
Gloria, gloria in excelsis Deo.—CHO.

Ergo qui natus,
Die hodierna,
Jesu tibi sit gloria.
Patris æterni verbum caro factum.—CHO.

The composer of the tune, Marcus Portugal, was a chapel master to the king of Portugal, and died at Rio Janeiro about 1834, aged 71.



ALMOST PERSUADED.

P. P. BLISS, 1838–1876.

"I AM preparing a book of gospel songs; pray for the book; all the good that is in it must come from God." So wrote P. P. Bliss to a Christian friend. The book was published. It was full of gospel messages to the people. It led to the publishing of "Gospel Hymns," of which millions of copies have been sold.

Mr. Bliss was born near Rome, Penn., 1838. Noting the general acceptance of the tune "Oh! how I love Jesus," he said, "I have sung of my poor love to Christ; now I will sing of his love to me." There followed "Jesus loves me." One of his most beautiful tunes is "Eternity;" one of the most serviceable, "Almost Persuaded."

Rev. Mr. Brundage tells of the origin of "Almost Persuaded," in a sermon preached by him many years ago. The closing words of the sermon were: "He who is almost persuaded is almost saved, but to be almost saved is to be entirely lost." Mr. Bliss, being in the audience, was impressed with the thought, and immediately set about the composition of what proved one of his most popular songs, deriving his inspiration from the sermon of his friend, Mr. Brundage. "Memoir of Bliss."

Mr. Bliss perished in the railroad disaster at Ashtabula, O., December 29, 1876, after a visit to his aged mother. He was accustomed to compose on the cars and in public places, wherever the impulse met him,

and was believed to be engaged in a composition when he met with the fatal accident. His wife, *née* Lucy Young, perished with him, aged 35.

The Chicago "Tribune" thus reports the scene of the accident in which Mr. and Mrs. Bliss perished:

"It was the wildest winter night of the year. Three hours behind its time, the Pacific Express, which had left New York the night before, struggled along through the drifts and the blinding storm. The eleven cars were a heavy burden to the two engines, and when the leading locomotive broke through the drifts beyond the ravine and rolled on across the bridge, the train was moving at less than ten miles an hour. The head-lamp threw but a short and dim flash of light in the front, so thick was the air with the driving snow. The train crept across the bridge; the leading engine had reached solid ground beyond, and its driver had just given it steam, when something in the undergearing of the bridge snapped. For an instant there was a confused crackling of beams and girders, ending with a tremendous crash, as the whole train but the leading engine broke through the framework and fell in a heap of crushed and splintered ruins at the bottom. Notwithstanding the wind and storm, the crash was heard by people within-doors half a mile away. For a moment there was silence, a stunned sensation among the survivors, who in all stages of mutilation lay piled among the dying and dead. Then arose the cries of the maimed and suffering; the few who remained unhurt hastened

to escape from the shattered cars. They crawled out of windows into freezing water waist-deep. Men, women, and children, with limbs bruised and broken, pinched between timbers and transfixed by jagged splinters, begged with their last breath for aid that no human power could give.

"Five minutes after the train fell the fire broke out in the cars piled against the abutments at either end. A moment later flames broke from the smoking car and first coach piled across each other near the middle of the stream. In less than ten minutes after the catastrophe every car in the wreck was on fire, and the flames, fed by the dry varnished work and fanned by the icy gale, licked up the ruins as though they had been tinder. Destruction was so swift that mercy was baffled. Men, who in the bewilderment of the shock sprang out and reached the solid ice, went back after wives and children, and found them suffocating and roasting in the flames. The neighboring residents, startled by the crash, were lighted to the scene by the conflagration, which made even their prompt assistance too late. By midnight the cremation was complete. The storm had subsided, but the wind still blew fiercely, and the cold was more intense. When morning came, all that remained of the Pacific Express was a windrow of car-wheels, axles, brake-irons, truck-frames, and twisted rails lying in a black pool at the bottom of the gorge. The wood had burned completely away, and the ruins were covered with white ashes."

Another correspondent thus gives the circumstances of the death of Mr. and Mrs. Bliss:

"When the train fell, Mr. Bliss succeeded in crawling through a window, supposing he could pull his wife and children after him. But they were jammed fast and every effort of his was unavailing. The car was all jammed up, and the lady and her children were caught in the ironwork of the seats. Finding that he could not save them, he stayed there with them and died."

AMERICA.

HENRY CAREY, 17—.

THE words of this tune, "My country, 'tis of thee," were composed by Rev. S. F. Smith, the author of "Yes, my native land, I love thee!" and other hymns. They were written for Lowell Mason, to be sung at a national festival in Boston, in Park Street Church.

The music is an old English tune, composed by John Bull, teacher to Queen Elizabeth, and improved by Henry Carey. A like tune of French origin is associated with Louis XIV. and with the vintages of old France.

Moore, in his "Cyclopædia of Music," gives the following story of the origin of this tune, which is the accepted version. Moore also gives credit to the French tune as a possible suggestion of the English.

"It has been generally believed that Henry Carey

was the author, and that he employed Dr. Thornton, of Bath, and Christopher Smith, Handel's clerk, to correct the words as well as music. This gave rise to the assertion that Handel was the composer. The words, with the air, appeared in the 'Gentleman's Magazine' in 1745, when the landing of the young Stuart called forth expressions of loyalty from the adherents of the reigning family. After Dr. Arne, the composer of another English song, 'Rule, Britannia,' had brought it on the stage, it soon became very popular. Since that time the harmony of the song has been much improved, but the rhythm is the same as originally. According to a notice in the 'New Monthly Magazine,' Vol. IV., page 389, there is a copy of this national song, published without date, by Riley and Williams, in which Anthony Young, organist in London, is called author of the air. There is also a story that this national song was not made for King George, but that in older versions it ran thus: 'God save great James, our king,' and that it was originally written and set to music for the Catholic chapel of James II., and no one durst own or sing it after the abdication of James, fearing to incur the penalty of treason, so that the song lay dormant sixty years before it was revived for George II. It is very interesting to observe how this song, of which the words have no great merit, has become dear to the whole English nation, on account of the associations connected with it."

AMERICAN HYMN.

MATTHIAS KELLER, 1813—.

MATTHIAS KELLER was born at Ulm, Würtemberg, Germany, in 1813. He became a musician and band-master, and came to this country in 1846. The war for the Union inspired him with a desire to write a national song, and he produced the "American Hymn," usually sung to the words, "Angel of peace." He is said to have offered it to music publishers without receiving encouragement, and the composition was long in gaining recognition. Having failed to secure interpreters for it in New York, he offered it to a band in Boston, where it met with appreciation. It was played on the Common for many years on Independence Days. At the great "Peace Jubilee" in 1872 it was sung by a chorus of some ten thousand voices, to an orchestra of a thousand or more instruments. It was a favorite with Gilmore's band, and from these sources became national.

We give below a hymn often sung to it:

"Father Almighty, we bow at thy feet;
Humbly thy grace and thy goodness we own.
Answer in love when thy children entreat,
Hear our thanksgiving ascend to thy throne.
Seeking thy blessing, in worship we meet,
Trusting our souls on thy mercy alone;
Father Almighty, we bow at thy feet.

"Breathe, Holy Spirit, thy comfort divine,
Tune every voice to thy music of peace;
Hushed in our hearts, with one whisper of thine,
Pride and the tumult of passion will cease.

Joy of the watchful, who wait for thy sign,
Hope of the sinful, who long for release,
Breathe, Holy Spirit, thy comfort divine.

"God of salvation, thy glory we sing,
Honors to thee in thy temple belong;
Welcome the tribute of gladness we bring,
Loud-pealing organ and chorus of song.
While our high praises, Redeemer and King,
Blend with the notes of the angelic throng,
God of salvation, thy glory we sing."

REV. THERON BROWN.

AMSTERDAM.

JAMES NARES, 1715-1783.

To this tune is usually sung the hymn by Rev. R. Seagrave, "Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings."

"The Great Musicians," edited by Francis Hueffer, contains the following account of James Nares, the author of the tune:

"He was born at Hanwell, Middlesex, in 1715, was admitted chorister at the Chapel Royal, under Bernard Gates, and when he was able to play the organ was appointed deputy for Pigott, of St. George's Chapel, Windsor, and became organist at York Minster in 1734. He succeeded Greene as organist and composer to the Chapel Royal in 1756, and in the same year was made Doctor of Music at Cambridge. He was appointed master of the children of the Chapel Royal in 1757, on the death of Gates. This post he resigned in 1780, and he died in 1783 (February 10), and was buried in St. Margaret's Church, Westminster. He had the reputation of being an excellent trainer of

boys' voices, many of his anthems having been written to exhibit the accomplishments of his young pupils. The degree of excellence the boys attained was not won in those days without the infliction of much corporal punishment."

ANTIOCH.

ARRANGED FROM HANDEL, BY DR. LOWELL MASON, 1792–1872.

DR. LOWELL MASON may be regarded as the Jubal of American hymn-tune writing. His "Missionary Hymn," "Boylston," and "Hebron" were among the first of these compositions, and have become perpetual tones in the church, as also "Antioch," "Laban," and "Watchman, tell us of the night."

His early life was practical and simple. He loved music and instructed himself. He went to Savannah as a clerk; he there edited a book of church music, which was published by the Handel and Haydn Society, Boston, 1822, and led to his going to Boston and making that city his home. He became the President of the Handel and Haydn Society, and established the Boston Academy of Music.

A disciple of Pestalozzi and a friend of such men as Horace Mann, he began, about 1850, the system of musical conventions which is now common in America and England.

He studied abroad, and was made a Doctor of Music, 1853, and he died at Orange, N. J., 1872.

ARLINGTON.

DR. ARNE, 1710–1778.

DR. THOMAS AUGUSTINE ARNE was born in 1710. He was sent to Eton to prepare for the practice of law, but was early seized with the desire to become a musician. He would assume the guise of a servant in order to hear good music at a low cost. He learned music on a muffled spinet, and practised at night. His family and friends tried in vain to repress these musical aspirations. He followed the methods of Handel, inspired by a pure love of art. He died in 1778, having composed more than one hundred and fifty musical pieces. He was a Roman-catholic.

ARNHEIM.

SAMUEL HOLYOKE, 1762–1816.

COMPOSED in 1785 by Samuel Holyoke, when he was but fourteen years old. It was the last tune sung to him before his death. This is one of the few tunes of early New England psalmody that have survived.

AULD LANG SYNE.

ARRANGED BY GEORGE THOMSON, 1757–1851.

TO this Scottish air are sung several sacred hymns, notably, "When I can read my title clear," especially in country congregations.

In a letter dated December 17, 1788, Burns says, "There is an old song and *tune* which has often

thrilled through my soul; I shall give you the verses in another sheet. Light be the turf on the breast of the poet who composed the glorious fragment."

This old song and tune inspired Burns to compose "Auld Lang Syne." Only the second and third stanzas were composed by Burns; the others were retouched and adopted from the older song. The words "Auld Lang Syne" had long been refrain words in Scotland.

In a letter to George Thomson, a musician, dated September, 1793, Burns says, "One song more: 'Auld Lang Syne;' the air is but mediocre, but the following song, the song of the olden times, and which has never been in print, nor even in manuscript until I took it down from an old man's singing, is enough to recommend any air."

Mr. Thomson set the words to an old minstrel melody, "I feed a lad at Michaelmas," and out of this combination came the song which has long been put to the uses of gospel singing. The tune dates 1750 or earlier.

AVISON. "SOUND THE LOUD TIMBREL."

CHARLES AVISON, 1710-1783.

THE tune owes its popularity to the words of Moore. It is the same tune as

"Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea."

The hymn,

"Zion, the marvellous story be telling,"

or,

"Shout the glad tidings, exultingly sing,"

well fills the spirit and expression of this jubilant melody.

BALERMA.

ROBERT SIMPSON, OF SCOTLAND, 1790–1832. ARRANGED BY DR. LOWELL MASON.

BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC.

FRANK E. JEROME, RUSSELL, KANSAS, 1861.

AN old Methodist camp-meeting tune, adapted to the use of the army by Charles Hall, Charlestown, Mass. When it was first published, Capt. James Greenleaf, an organist, arranged the music, and it was first publicly sung by a Massachusetts regiment, at Fort Warren, Boston Harbor, in 1861.

Mrs. Howe, some years ago, in answer to a note from the "Youth's Companion," wrote for that paper the following story of this national hymn:

"In the late autumn of the first year of the war for the Union a strong feeling of interest and wonder drew me to the city of Washington. Arriving within the city, we found abundant evidence of its military occupation. A number of troops were quartered within it, and small bodies of armed men marched frequently through the streets. Officers and orderlies galloped past the windows of our hotel. Ambulances came and went. Buildings here and there were designated as military headquarters. Quite near our hotel

was a ghastly reminder of what was going on, in the shape of an establishment for embalming the bodies of the dead, so that they might be removed to the places designated by their friends for burial.

"The minds of all were intent upon the war, and no news were asked for other than intelligence of the various skirmishes and encounters which were constantly taking place. It was therefore with eager interest that we made our first visit to the encampment of the great Army of the Potomac, which at that time occupied a great stretch of country in the neighborhood of the city.

"Our first visit was to the colonel of a Massachusetts regiment stationed at Fort Albany. I remember well the interest with which we inquired into every detail of camp-life; the officers' tents, warmed by small stoves of sheet iron; the doctor's tent, provided with a huge medicine-chest; the hospital tent, with its rows of pale, gaunt faces.

"Our friend, Col. G——, welcomed us cordially to his headquarters, which were in an ordinary wooden building, with a piazza running along the front. He invited us to warm ourselves by a comfortable wood fire, and presently called together a number of his men to greet the visitors from Massachusetts, among whom was the wife of its greatly honored governor, John A. Andrew. From this camp we drove to another and another, and the sunlight had quite failed us before we crossed the long bridge again and returned to our hotel.

"A little after this we drove out again to attend a review of ten thousand of the national troops. While this was in progress a sudden alarm intervened. A small body of men had been attacked and surrounded by the enemy. We saw the reinforcements gallop to their assistance, and presently learned that the review would be discontinued.

"On our way back to Washington, to beguile the time we began to sing the John Brown song, which was at that time very popular among the soldiers. As we sang it they answered back, 'Good for you!' I remarked to a friend that I had always wished to write some verses which might be sung to that tune.

"That night I went to bed as usual, and slept soundly after the fatigue of our long, cold drive. It must have been at the earliest touch of dawn that I awoke, and began in my mind to twine the long lines of a hymn which promised to suit the measure of the John Brown melody. Each verse in succession seemed to write itself clearly in my thoughts, and I presently said to myself, 'I must get up and write this down.' Accordingly I sprang out of bed and fumbled about in the dark room for a stump of a quill pen and a bit of paper, which I remembered to have seen upon my table before retiring to rest; and although what I wrote was very crookedly written, I knew by past experience that I should be able to make it out within twenty-four hours of the time in which it was written.

"The poem was published in the 'Atlantic Monthly' magazine. Mr. James T. Fields, at that time the editor of the magazine, suggested the name by which the verses have become known. Its appearance at first excited little comment, and I had ceased to think of it as likely to be especially noticed, when I read in some newspaper that a number of Union men shut up in a Southern prison had found some comfort in singing this new hymn, whose author was unknown to them even by name. This name was now inquired for and made known.

"In the twenty years that have passed since that time I have often had the pleasure of knowing that my battle hymn has been sung by the lovers of God and men. I learned years ago that at a great meeting of the colored schools of Richmond, Va., it was sung by a large chorus of children, teachers, and parents. In our far West I have been greeted by its music as I have walked to take my place on the platform. I have heard it in the far East also. When on a visit to Constantinople two years ago, I had the pleasure of passing some hours at Robert College, an American institution, beautifully situated on the banks of the Bosphorus. As I was about to take leave, the professors and ladies who had kindly entertained me asked me to listen to what I should hear while descending the steep hill upon whose summit the college stands. I had been carried up this ascent in a chair by two stout porters. As I walked down, helped only by one strong arm, I heard

the voices of my late entertainers united in singing,

'Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord.'

And I thought that we might see this glory oftener if we would look for it, and most of all when faithful souls are working together for the good of humanity."

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord;
He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored;
He has loosed the fateful lightning of his terrible swift sword;
His truth is marching on.

I have seen him in the watch-fires of a hundred circling camps;
They have builded him an altar in the evening dews and damps;
I have read his righteous sentence by the dim and flaring lamps;
His day is marching on.

I have read a fiery gospel writ in burnished rows of steel—
"As ye deal with my contemners, so with you my grace shall deal;"
Let the hero born of woman crush the serpent with his heel,
Since God is marching on.

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat;
He is sifting out the hearts of men before his judgment-seat;
Oh! be swift, my soul, to answer him; be jubilant, my feet;
Our God is marching on.

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea,
With a glory in his bosom that transfigures you and me;
As he died to make men holy, let us die to make men free,
While God is marching on.

BENEVENTO.

SAMUEL WEBBE, 1740—1816.

THIS tune is usually sung to the words of Rev. John Newton,

"While with ceaseless course the sun."

Samuel Webbe, the author of the tune, was a popular English composer of songs, and was born in 1740. Losing both his parents in his youth, he had recourse to copying music for a support; and this led him to become a composer. He produced more than one hundred popular compositions.

BETHANY.

DR. LOWELL MASON. SEE ANTIOCH, BOYLSTON, AND MT. VERNON.

BEYOND THE SMILING AND THE WEEPING.

G. C. STEBBINS. 1846.

MR. STEBBINS is an American singing evangelist, greatly respected and beloved, and a contributor to the musical works of Messrs. Moody and Sankey.

BOYLSTON.

DR. LOWELL MASON.* 1792–1872.

OF the moral worth of Dr. Mason and his fitness as a teacher and composer, his pastor thus spoke in a memorial sermon: "His pupils, who are scattered east and west and north and south across the continent, are quick to testify their personal indebtedness to him, not only, and not even chiefly, for the musical skill and knowledge which he gave them, but for the moral tone which his strong character imparted to their lives."

* See Antioch.

One of his old Boston pupils thus writes of him: "Schoolboys of forty years ago will remember, as does the writer of this article, how Dr. Mason's splendid face, lighted with the smile it always wore, beamed like sunshine upon the class; and his cheery, 'Now we will sing this little exercise!' made it an impossibility not to do what he wanted. How well all the boys loved him!"

It was Dr. Mason's habit to select his themes from Handel, Haydn, Mozart, and the great composers, and give them a metrical clothing. Several tunes that bear his name were only rearranged by him from the great musical compositions, but on being transferred to other works are credited to him as the editor of the music-book from which they were taken.

BOWER OF PRAYER.

WRITTEN 1815, BY ELDER JOHN OSBORNE, OF N. H., OF THE CHRISTIAN DENOMINATION.

"To leave my dear friends and with neighbors to part."

CHESTER.

WORDS AND MUSIC WRITTEN AS A PATRIOTIC ODE IN 1770, BY WILLIAM BILLINGS. 1746–1800. SEE MAJESTY.

"A flippant critic, of the new school of musicians and with all the prejudices of his class, thus summarizes him: 'William Billings, of Boston, a nat-

ural genius with no education.' He is correct in both propositions, but it opens up a field of speculation without limit. If with 'no education' William Billings achieved so much, what would he not have done had he been educated? The probabilities are such as to dwarf into utter insignificance the attainments of the so-called 'educated' ones of the present day.

"Another writer says of him, 'His works survive their critics, and are sung in grateful recollection by thousands over all the land, while forgetfulness covers his detractor.... Billings was the man with the genius and zeal to write words and music that moved the hearts and nerved the arms to strike for freedom in these early days. "Chester," among others, was a favorite rallying song at home and in the camp during the Revolutionary struggle. From what we know of Billings, and of the circumstances of the time when he appeared, it is not difficult to perceive the value of his efforts in meeting the wants of the age.'

"Lowell Mason, who has done more for the development of music among the masses than any other man, said to the writer, who was his pupil in one of the Boston public schools many years ago, 'So he was your grandfather, was he? Well, my lad, if you have one tenth part of his genius and perseverance, you are sure to go ahead. He was a genius, a rough diamond, who would have made himself felt in any age or place in which he lived.'" F. N. Scott.

"Billings possessed something of the spirit of poetry, as well as of music, and was the author of many

of the words, as well as the tunes, he published. The following words set to 'Chester' are his own:

"'Let tyrants shake their iron rod,
And slavery clank her galling chains;
We 'll fear them not; we trust in God—
New England's God for ever reigns.'

He was a zealous patriot, too, and much attached to Gov. Samuel Adams of Massachusetts, who was also a great lover and performer of psalmody; and it is within the recollection of many now living that that memorable statesman uniformly was seated at church in the singing choir. One secret, no doubt, of the vast popularity Billings' works obtained was the patriotic ardor they breathed. The words above quoted are an example, and 'Chester,' it is said, was frequently heard from every fife in the New England ranks. The spirit of the Revolution was also manifest in his 'Lamentation over Boston,' his 'Retrospect,' his 'Independence,' his 'Columbia,' as well as his 'Chester,' and many other pieces." Moore's "Cyclopædia of Music."

CHINA.

TIMOTHY SWAN, 1758–1842.

THIS was once one of the most popular tunes in New England, and was sung to the words,

"Why do we mourn departing friends,
And shake at death's alarms?
'T is but the voice that Jesus sends
To call us to his arms."

It was composed by Timothy Swan, and published in 1785 in "Federal Harmony," when the composer was about twenty-eight years of age.

"COME UNTO HIM."

GEORGE FREDERICK HANDEL, 1684–1759.

"I DID think I saw all heaven before me and the great God himself;" so said Handel of his spiritual experience during the composition of the Hallelujah Chorus of the "Messiah."

This chorus is an immortal tone, the nearest approach to the celestial world, perhaps, to which music can lead us. It is as the ninetieth Psalm among Psalms. We may doubt that in coming time it will be equalled. When George II. first heard it he leaped to his feet; and following the example of the king, the audience rose. The custom of rising during the first word of the chorus has become general. The listener seems to stand in the very presence of the Majesty on high. Handel wrote for God.

"You have given the audience an excellent entertainment," said a nobleman to Handel after a performance of the "Messiah."

"My lord," said the great composer, "I should be sorry if I had only entertained them; I wish to make them better."

Handel was born at Halle, on the Saale, in Lower Saxony, in 1684. His soul seemed full of music in



childhood, and in his early years he taught himself to play on a dumb spinet in the garret.

"Music," said Dr. Handel, his father, on seeing the trend of the boy's mind, "is an amusement; as an occupation it has little dignity; its object is merely entertainment." He opposed the musical development of his son.

One day young Handel played in the chapel of the ducal palace. The duke heard him with admiration, and said to his father,

"The boy has genius; you do wrong to repress it; let him become a musician."

Accordingly he was placed under musical instruction. Music absorbed him; he aspired to know the whole of it and of every musical instrument. He went to Florence, to Venice, and became familiar with the tone-pictures of beautiful Italy. In 1709 he became connected with the court of King George of Brunswick. He was invited to England, where his coming was a triumph. England loved Handel, and Handel England. His works were everywhere sung and played. Arias, concertos, oratorios, music of every kind, flowed from his pen in a continuous stream. Yet nearly all that he wrote before the age of fifty is now neglected or forgotten. At the age of fifty-four he produced "Saul," the Dead March in which is still played on grand and solemn occasions. It was followed by "Israel in Egypt," with its stupendous choruses. The "Messiah" was written for a charity. Handel sympathized with the Irish people,

who asked him to give a concert in Dublin to aid the release of prisoners for debt. To thus open the prison doors he composed the oratorio. Its triumphs brought him but little money, but it gave him influence. It enabled him to sing the gospel, which was a supreme desire. It was a gospel of music gloriously presenting the mission of Christ to the world.

Handel became old and blind; it is a tradition that he selected the organ for King's Chapel, Boston, after blindness had come upon him.

"I desire to die on Good Friday," he said, "for that was the day that the Lord entered paradise."

On his monument in Westminster Abbey is the following inscription:

"Died on Good Friday, April 14, 1759."

"Come unto Him" is from the "Messiah."

CORONATION.

OLIVER HOLDEN, 1765–1844.

THIS hymn and tune may be regarded almost as the *Te Deum* of simple Protestant worship. A sketch of the author of the words, with an account of his triumphant death, has been given in "The Story of the Hymns." I recently saw at Mrs. Tyler's, in Boston, the little melodeon on which the tune was composed, and I could not but regard the instrument and its associations with devout interest. The place where we have done good is always pleasant to us, as are all



the places where good has been done, all the birth-places of good influence. Mrs. Tyler, who was a granddaughter of Mr. Holden, was with the composer in his last hours, and she gave me an account of his death. The last utterances of this eminently good man resembled Perronet's.

"Music is coming to me," he said, "and such beautiful themes; but I can write no more."

Oliver Holden, the author of the tune "Coronation," was born in Charlestown, Mass., 1765. His music books were most useful in their day. Among many popular hymn-tunes that he wrote are "Cowper," "Confidence," and "Concord."

The hymn to "Coronation" was at first rejected by the compilers of the Methodist hymn-book; so also was "I would not live alway" by the Episcopal compilers. "Waiting and Watching" was inserted in Gospel Hymns only after much hesitancy. All were hymns with a mission.

CREATION.

"THE heavens are telling" is one of the greatest choruses in the history of music, and is from the oratorio of the "Creation." Haydn seems to have been sincerely pious, and whenever he felt the need of anything he resorted to prayer.

His spiritual experience during the writing of the "Creation" was like Handel's when composing the "Messiah." The work was the ripe fruit of his life,

and was composed in 1799, when he was sixty-seven years of age.

"I was never so pious," he said, "as when composing the 'Creation.' I knelt down every day and prayed God to strengthen me for my work."

"I know," he said, "that God has bestowed a talent upon me, and I thank him for it. I think I have done my duty, and been of use in my generation by my works. Let others do the same."

"Not mine, not mine; it all came to me from above!" he exclaimed, when, for the last time, he heard the great chorus, "Let there be light!"

"DARE TO BE A DANIEL."

P. P. BLISS, 1838–1876.

A TUNE of little merit in itself, but, with its hymn, very useful for special occasions in gospel work. It was suggested to Mr. Bliss while attending a service at the State prison in Joliet, Ill., where he had gone to sing. H. G. Spafford, of Chicago, had spoken to the prisoners on Daniel in Babylon. "Are your windows open towards Jerusalem?" he asked in closing his address. Hence the suggestion that gave rise to the tune.

EIN' FESTE BURG.

"A mighty fortress is our God."

THIS is Luther's version of the Forty-sixth Psalm, written about 1529, when the evangelical princes de-



livered that protest at the Diet of Spires from which Protestants take their name. Luther used often to sing it in 1530, while the Diet of Augsburg was sitting. It soon became a favorite psalm with the people. It was one of the watchwords of the Reformation, cheering armies to conflict and sustaining believers in the hour of fiery trial. The first line of this psalm is inscribed on Luther's tomb at Wittenberg. It has been called the "Marseillaise hymn of Protestant Germany." MILLER.

One version commences thus:

Our God stands firm, a rock and tower,
A shield when danger presses,
A ready help in every hour
When doubt or pain distresses.

According to the popular tradition, it was composed in Coburg Castle, where Luther was protected during the meeting of the Diet at Augsburg. Here, in anxiety, he used to look up to heaven and sing this hymn.

It was the hymn of Gustavus Adolphus before the battle of Leipzig (1631), and before that at Lützen (1632), where he lost his life.

The "Quiver" (London) publishes an account of the music of this great choral, which is doubtless correct, as follows:

"The history of 'Ein' feste Burg,' like that of most of our old *chorales*, is invested with some degree of uncertainty. Dr. Burney and other historians plainly assert that Luther wrote the hymn, set it to

music, and sang it as he entered Worms in 1521. According to the testimony of several of the reformer's contemporaries, the tune was composed in the castle of Coburg, during the period of the Diet of Augsburg, 1530. The latter date is the one which has been generally accepted, a strong point in its favor being the fact that Luther left at Coburg a copy of the tune in his own handwriting, dated 1530. The first publication of the tune was in Kophl's 'Psalmen und geistliche Lieder,' printed at Strasburg about 1538. The original form of the melody, as seen in this collection, is somewhat different from that now in use, being almost entirely free from 'passing notes,' and having several other variations in the rhythm. The form which is now employed was first adopted by Sebastian Bach.

"Several of the great composers have made use of 'Ein' feste Burg' in their works. In 'Les Huguenots' Meyerbeer puts it into the mouths of the old Huguenot soldier and his companions—not very appropriately, as we think: the death song of the Huguenots was not likely to have been a German *chorale*, but rather one of the melodies set to Marot and Beza's psalms. A more fitting use of the tune was made by Mendelssohn in his 'Reformation Symphony,' where it is given without the passing notes in the initial strain, and without the repetition of the first two lines. Other notable uses of the melody are by Bach, in several of his cantatas; by Raff, in an overture, and by Wagner, in his 'Kaiser Marsch.'"



ELLIOTT.

DR. LOWELL MASON, 1792–1872. SEE CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT, "STORY OF THE HYMNS," 1789–1871.

THIS tune was written by Dr. Mason for the words "Just as I am," by Charlotte Elliott. The hymn is also sung to ancient music arranged for popular use under the name of Hamburg, by Dr. Lowell Mason.

"A faithful pastor of a small flock once met one of the young ladies of his congregation on the street as she was on the way to her dressmaker's to have a dress made for a ball. Stopping her, he asked her errand; she frankly told him.

"'I wish,' he said, 'you were a Christian woman; that you would forsake all these frivolities and learn to live nearer to God. Wont you stay away from this ball, if for nothing else, because I ask it?'

"She replied, 'I wish you would mind your own business, sir. Good-day.'

"This young lady went to the ball and danced all night. She went home, and when her head was at rest upon her pillow, conscience began to do its work. She thought how she had insulted her pastor, perhaps the best friend she had on earth. This torment of conscience went on for three days, until she could endure it no longer.

"Going to her pastor's study, she told him how sorry she was that she had said words that had caused his heart to ache. 'I have been the most miserable girl in the world for the past three days,' she said,

'and now I want to become a Christian; I want to be saved. Oh, what must I do to be saved?'

"The old pastor, with his heart full of compassion and sympathy for the contrite spirit before him, pointed her to the Lamb of God, and told her that she must give herself to God just as she was.

"'What! Just as I am, and I one of the most sinful creatures in the world? You surely do not mean to say that God will accept me just as I am!'

"'I mean just that,' was the pastor's reply. 'God wants you to come to him just as you are.'

"The young lady went home, and retiring to her room, kneeled beside her bed and prayed God to take her, just as she was. Reaching to a chair that stood by the bed, she took a piece of paper and a pencil that were there, and under the holy influences that were at work upon her wrote the verses of that hymn so dear to the heart of every true Christian:

"Just as I am, without one plea,
But that thy blood was shed for me,
And that thou bidst me come to thee,
O Lamb of God, I come!

"Just as I am, and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot,
O Lamb of God, I come!

"Just as I am, though tossed about
With many a conflict, many a doubt,
With fears within and foes without,
O Lamb of God, I come!

"Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind,
Sight, riches, healing of the mind,
Yea, all I need in thee to find,
O Lamb of God, I come!

"Just as I am; thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
Because thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come!

"Just as I am, thy love unknown
Hath broken every barrier down;
Now to be thine, yea, thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come!"

John B. Gough once told, in a lecture, an anecdote of a blunder he once made which illustrates the saying that "appearances are deceitful." Sitting in a city church one Sunday morning, he was annoyed by the looks of a man whom the sexton showed into the same pew. His appearance made a very unfavorable impression on Mr. Gough, for his face was mottled like castile soap, his lips twitched, and every now and then his mouth would twist out a singular sound. Mr. Gough moved away from him to the extreme end of the pew.

Presently the congregation rose to sing that most touching hymn which begins with,

"Just as I am, without one plea,
But that thy blood was shed for me."

"He can't be so disagreeable after all," said Mr. Gough to himself, seeing that the man knew the hymn and sang it. Mr. Gough moved up nearer.

"He would sing," said the orator, telling the

story. "It was awful, positively awful. I never heard anything like it. Every now and then his lips would twitch out that strange noise. Then he would commence again and sing faster to catch up with the other singers, and would run ahead. When that stanza was finished and the organist was playing the interlude, he leaned towards me and whispered, 'Would you be kind enough to give me the first line of the next verse?' I did so:

"'Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind.'

"'That's it!' said he; 'and I am blind—God help me!' and the tears ran down his face—'and I'm wretched, and I am paralytic.' And then he tried to sing,

"'Just as I am, poor, wretched, blind.'

"At that moment it seemed to me that I never heard in my life a Beethoven symphony with as much music in it as in the blundering singing of that hymn by the poor paralytic." Youth's Companion.

EVENTIDE.

ADAPTED FROM THE GERMAN BY WILLIAM HENRY MONK, 1823.

MR. MONK was born in London in 1823. In youth he attended the concerts of the Sacred Harmonic Society, and they decided for him his profession and the character of his work. They revealed to him his soul and led him to a consciousness of its powers. He studied music under noted masters, became an organ-

ist, and succeeded John Hullah as Professor of Vocal Music in King's College.

In 1851 he became Professor of Music at the School for the Indigent Blind.

He was one of the musical editors of "Hymns Ancient and Modern," and has made many contributions to modern hymnals.

Of the author of the hymn so happily married to this tune, "Eventide," we have this account:

In 1818 an English Episcopal minister, at the close of a brilliant and much-applauded life, sent for a neighboring clergyman and said to him,

"I am about to die, and I am unprepared."

The two ministers read their Bibles together and prayed. The invalid died in peace, and the visitor received from the scene an impression that influenced his whole life. He resolved to devote himself wholly to the service of God, and that with such humility and self-forgetful zeal that any event in life would find him prepared.

That visitor was Henry Francis Lyte, the author of the well-known hymns beginning,

"Abide with me, fast falls the eventide,"

and

"Jesus, I my cross have taken."

He relinquished all selfish ambitions, and accepted a curacy on the wild coast of Devon, where he might work for Christ among the poor. He gathered here a large Sunday-school from the sea-faring population, preached to the sailors, and devoted himself with a

self-consuming zeal to the humble duties that met him on every hand.

He was removed from the society of the great and learned, yet he was very happy. He thus tells his experience in a poem that we doubt that many of our readers have seen:

Long did I toil, and knew no earthly rest;
Far did I rove, and found no certain home;
At last I sought them in his sheltering breast
Who opes his arms and bids the weary come.
With him I found a home, a rest divine;
And I since then am his, and he is mine.

Yes, he is mine! and naught of earthly things,
Not all the charms of pleasure, wealth, or power,
The fame of heroes or the pomp of kings,
Could tempt me to forget his love an hour.
Go, worthless world, I cry, with all that 's thine!
Go! I my Saviour's am, and he is mine.

The good I have is from his stores supplied;
The ill is only what he deems the best;
He for my friend, I 'm rich with naught beside,
And poor without him, though of all possessed.
Changes may come; I take or I resign,
Content while I am his, while he is mine.

FEDERAL STREET.

HENRY K. OLIVER, 1800–1885. SEE MERTON.

It was a part of the daily programme of the "Boston Peace Jubilee" of 1872, inaugurated by P. S. Gilmore, to close each day's work with a hymn-tune. On the "President's day" (so called because of the presence of President Grant), the Coliseum building,

in which the concerts were given, was crowded with an immense multitude—forty thousand people being in the audience and twenty thousand in the chorus and orchestra. The well-known "Federal Street" was the tune for the day; and when its turn came, Mr. Zerrahn, the conductor, beckoning out from the crowd of singers its composer, Henry K. Oliver, of Salem—a man well advanced in years—led him to the conductor's stand and gave him the baton. At its signal the great organ gave its mighty utterance, and then chorus and orchestra and the audience (which rose) took up the strain; and never was a hymn given forth in such a swelling volume of harmony, the multitude seeming thoroughly familiar with it, and prepared to sing its simple, artless, yet grand measures. I doubt whether a dozen persons in the whole assemblage knew how the tune came into being. It was in this wise: The composer had, after his graduation, held various positions, from teacher to treasurer of Massachusetts, and had been much before the public, yet he had been always from childhood devotedly fond of music. When he entered college his father, wholly unmusical, prohibited his attempting to play any instrument. His musical proclivities seem to have come from his mother, she being a fine singer; and singers were all the eight children save one. But the prohibition of the father was ineffectual, and the son became familiar with half a dozen instruments, including the flute and organ. He did not attempt composition till he was thirty-one years old, when

one afternoon, in his library, he read to its close an affecting story terminating with the saddest results. Laying down the volume, and thinking of what he had read, there came into his mind the last verse of Mrs. Steele's hymn,

"So fades the lovely, blooming flower."

As he repeated the verse an unbidden melody came with it; and sitting down to a pianoforte in the room, he harmonized the melody and put it on paper, with a change of the initial word of the verse from "Then" to "See." When thus scored the composer threw the paper into the drawer of his table. There it remained a couple of years, when Dr. Lowell Mason came to Salem to teach music to classes of both young and adult. Towards the close of the course Dr. Mason asked if any pupil had ever attempted composition, and if so, he said he would be happy to examine it. The tune in the drawer at once came to the composer's mind, and it was placed in Dr. Mason's hands. On returning it, the latter asked permission to use it in his forthcoming work called "Boston Academy's Collection of Church Music." Assent being gladly given, it was necessary to give the tune a name, and he decided to call it after the name of the street in Salem in which his wife was reared, wooed, won, and married, and from which, to the music of the same tune, she was many years afterwards buried. "Federal Street" proving an acceptable tune, it was followed by "Harmony Grove," "Morning," "Walnut Grove," "Merton," "Vesper,"

"Hudson," "Bosworth," "Salisbury Plain," etc., several motets and anthems, and a *Te Deum.* The author subsequently gathered these into a book, published by Ditson & Co. From "Olden-Time Music."

FLEE AS A BIRD TO YOUR MOUNTAIN.

Flee as a bird to your mountain,
Thou who art weary of sin;
Go to the clear-flowing fountain,
Where you may wash and be clean;
Fly, for the avenger is near thee,
Call, and the Saviour will hear thee,
He on his bosom will bear thee,
Thou who art weary of sin,
Oh, thou who art weary of sin.

He will protect thee for ever,
Wipe every falling tear;
He will forsake thee, oh, never,
Sheltered so tenderly there;
Haste then, the hours are flying,
Spend not the moments in sighing,
Cease from your sorrow and crying,
The Saviour will wipe every tear,
The Saviour will wipe every tear.

WORDS by Mrs. Dana.

Franz Wilhelm Abt was born near Zurich, 1819. He was chapel-master at Brunswick. He composed many popular ballads; one of these, "When the swallows homeward fly," has been very popular in this country, and is often sung to the words of Charles Wesley's Hymn, "Jesus, Lover of My Soul."

GRANDER THAN OCEAN.

WORDS and music by Prof. W. Sherwin, of the New England Conservatory of Music (1889). It was written during a vacation rest, on one of the beaches near New York, while the author was lying in the shade watching the ocean. Prof. Sherwin was born at Ashfield, Mass., in 1826.

GREENVILLE.

JEAN JACQUES ROUSSEAU, 1712–1778.

THE words of this hymn,

"Lord, dismiss us with thy blessing,"

are often sung to a Sicilian melody called the "Sicilian Hymn," but generally to "Greenville" or "Rousseau's Dream." Rousseau, a most erratic genius, was born at Geneva, 1712. He was a man of restless habits, changeable moods, and many contradictions, but yet of noble aspirations and impulses at times, and he produced works both of good and evil influence. Of the works of philosophy and the music and poetry of his half-crazed life, "Greenville," kept alive by the church he was accustomed to ridicule, seems the longest to endure.

HAMBURG.

ARRANGED BY LOWELL MASON.

HEBRON.

ARRANGED BY LOWELL MASON.

HE LEADETH ME.

TUNE BY WM. B. BRADBURY, 1816–1868.

THERE were two pupils of Dr. Mason's whose hymn-tunes were destined to become very popular, William B. Bradbury and George Frederick Root. They were perhaps associate workers rather than pupils, but each derived his inspiration in part from Dr. Mason. Mr. Bradbury was the pioneer in the publishing of Sunday-school music books, thus beginning the adaptation of religious songs to children. Who does not remember "The Jubilee" and "The Shawm"?

William B. Bradbury was born at York, Me., in 1816. His father was a Revolutionary soldier and a choir-leader. Musical impulses came to young Bradbury on his father's farm. He went to Boston in 1830, where for the first time he heard an organ. He went abroad, studied in Leipzig, and returning devoted himself to music. He died in great serenity and happiness at Montclair, N. J., 1868.

HINSDALE.

THE reputed composer of this tune is George Hins-

dale, whose daughter, Phœbe Hinsdale Brown, wrote the hymn,

"I love to steal a while away."

See "Monson" and "Story of the Hymns."

HOLY, HOLY! LORD GOD ALMIGHTY.

J. B. DYKES. 1823–1876.

SEE "Heber" in "Story of the Hymns," and "Lead, kindly Light," p. 84. This is one of the grandest hymns and tunes of recent years, and one of the best for use at the beginning of any religious service.

"HOLD THE FORT!"

P. P. BLISS. 1838–1876.

THIS hymn, with its tune, though almost universally known, has little claim to literary or musical merit, and yet it is inspiring. It was suggested by an incident in the war for the Union. A message was waved from Gen. Sherman to Gen. G. M. Corse, when the latter was besieged at Altoona: "Gen. Sherman says, 'Hold fast. We are coming.'"

The signal flag then used is still exhibited. It was recently shown at a Soldiers' Fair in Horticultural Hall, Boston, being loaned by A. D. Frankenberry, of Point Marion, Pa., who was a member of the signal detachment on Kenesaw Mountain in October, 1863.

Ho! my comrades, see the signal
  Waving in the sky!
Reinforcements now appearing,
  Victory is nigh.
"Hold the fort, for I am coming!"
  Jesus signals still;
Wave the answer back to heaven,
  "By thy grace we will!"

The "Memoir of P. P. Bliss," published by A. S. Barnes & Co., N. Y., gives the following picturesque account of a visit of Mr. Bliss to the scene of his famous song. Mr. Bliss was on his way to fill an appointment at Augusta, Georgia.

"He stopped at Marietta on a beautiful April morning, and, after dinner with the writer, rode out two miles to the mountain. The carriage left us about three-fourths of a mile from the summit, and we pursued our journey on foot. Upon the summit, the ruins of the earthwork near which Gen. Polk was killed, and part of the framework of the signal station from which Sherman had the message signalled to hold the fort, were found.

"It was a bright, clear, sunny day, and the landscape in every direction was before our view from this remarkable elevation. Altoona Mountain, where the fort was held, could be plainly seen twenty miles to the north; and the intervening valley across which Sherman hurried his troops was at our feet.

"Bliss enjoyed the scene to the full. He took in all of its beauty and all of its inspiration. We read the passage concerning the coming of our Lord from heaven—knelt in prayer and consecration—and then

sang 'Hold the Fort,' looking out upon the distant mountain, looking up to the clear blue sky, and hoping and almost expecting that Jesus might then appear, so near he seemed to us that April day. I thank my Heavenly Father that I was led to so urge my friend and brother to make that mountain visit. He reckoned it, while he lived, as one of his blessed days, and the memory of it to me is, and will continue to be while life lasts, a transfiguration scene. How little did we think that day that, ere the year should close, for *him* the battle would be won, and he be taken to the mountains of glory, to signal for his Lord to the soldiers in the valley, 'Cheer, my comrades, cheer!' "

HOME, SWEET HOME.

COMMONLY SUPPOSED TO BE A SICILIAN AIR, ADAPTED BY SIR H. R. BISHOP. 1786–1855.

THE doubt as to the authorship of the beautiful melody of "Home, Sweet Home" still appears to be unsettled. Controversies are every now and then started in the newspapers on the subject. With the view of putting an end to them once for all, I write this letter to prove to the most incredulous that the air is English, and was the composition of the very eminent and gifted musician, the late Sir Henry R. Bishop. In one of the many conversations on well-known English melodies with that gentleman I took occasion to ask him for information on the subject of

"Home, Sweet Home," the authorship of which was often attributed to him and as often denied by many who claimed it as a national Sicilian air which Sir Henry had discovered and rearranged. He thereupon favored me with the whole history. He had been engaged in his early boyhood to edit a collection of the national melodies of all countries. In the course of his labors he discovered that he had no Sicilian melody worthy of reproduction, and Sir Henry thought he would invent one. The result was the now well-known air of "Home, Sweet Home," which he composed to the verses of an American author, Mr. Howard Payne, then residing in England. When the collection was published the melody became so popular that, to use a common phrase, "It took the town by storm," and several musical publishers, believing it to be Sicilian and non-copyright, reissued it.

CHARLES MACKAY, in "London Telegraph."

J. H. Payne, who wrote the words in 1823, was an almost homeless wanderer. His song enriched his publishers, but not his own sorrowful life. It was probably composed in Paris, when Payne was starving in an attic. "How often," he says, "have I been in the heart of Paris, Berlin, London, or other city, and heard persons singing or musicians playing my song, without a shilling to buy myself a meal or a place to lay my head."

HOPE.

W. B. BRADBURY, 1816–1868.

"My hope is built on nothing less."

ABOUT the beginning of this century there lived on Upper Thames Street, London, an obscure family by the name of Mote. The father and mother were not Christians, but their son Edward became interested in religion while a youth. He has related his experience of saving faith in a valued hymn.

When sixteen years of age he entered Tottenham Court Chapel, where he heard John Hyatt, one of England's most persuasive ministers, preach. "My parents having no fear of God," he says, "I went to a school where no Bible was allowed, so that I was totally ignorant of religion when I entered that house of worship."

His conscience was awakened by the preacher's declaration of the sinfulness of the human heart and the necessity of a changed nature. He left the chapel in sorrow. For two years he clearly saw the unworthiness of a life without God, but he did not apprehend the promises of the gospel.

It was Good Friday, a day when the English Church holds a solemn service in memory of the sufferings and death of Christ. That morning Rev. Mr. Bennet, a highly spiritual preacher from Birmingham, was to fill one of the London pulpits, and the lad determined to hear him preach.

The services were very solemn and brought vivid-

ly to mind the mission of Christ to the world. The youth listened with awe.

The text was announced: "The Lord hath laid upon him the iniquity of us all."

"Upon him!" The youth saw the gospel in a new light—as a saving power. He looked to Christ as his Saviour; committing the interests of his soul to him, he rejoiced. Years passed, and this experience he expressed in a hymn which all have sung:

> My hope is built on nothing less
> Than Jesus' blood and righteousness;
> I dare not trust the sweetest frame,
> But wholly lean on Jesus' name.
> On Christ, the Solid Rock, I stand;
> All other ground is sinking sand.

"HOW PRECIOUS THE NAME."

JEREMIAH INGALLS, 1764–1838.

THIS old revival melody was published in "Christian Harmony" in 1830.

HYMN TO THE NATIVITY: MILTON.

MUSIC BY JOHN KNOWLES PAINE. 1839.

PROF. PAINE was born at Portland, Me., 1839. He became an organist at the age of eighteen, and studied in Germany, where he gave organ recitals. In 1862 he was appointed Professor of Music at Harvard University. He is the author of the oratorio "St. Peter," the "Hymn to the Nativity," and numerous other

works of the highest order. His oratorios have been sung on several notable occasions by the Handel and Haydn Society, Boston.

"I AM SO GLAD THAT OUR FATHER IN HEAVEN."

P. P. BLISS, 1838–1876.

MR. BLISS was the heart and soul of the first volume of the "Gospel Hymns." The present hymn was the rallying song of the great Scottish revival.

"Oh, that song!" said a young man who attended a Sunday-school meeting in a hamlet in Missouri, under the work of the American Sunday-school Union. "I could not get away from it, and it has saved me."

"IF I WERE A VOICE."

WORDS BY DR. CHARLES MACKAY. MUSIC BY ISAAC BEVERLY WOODBURY. 1819–1858.

IT originally appeared in the "Song Crown," and is used in "Winnowed Hymns." Who has not heard

"Tell me, ye wingéd winds,"

"If I were a voice, a persuasive voice,"

and

"Cheer, boys, cheer for country, mother country!"

Dr. Mackay, the author of the above-mentioned songs, was an old man in 1887, living at Fern Dell, Dorking, England. His songs and poems seem to belong to America rather than to England. He always loved America, and was very American in his sympathies. Charles Sumner delighted to quote his

"Good time coming," and employs it as a prophecy in one of his greatest speeches. All of our popular music books contain Dr. Mackay's songs. His influence musically in American households and schools has been greater than that of many of our own poets. His political songs have afforded many texts for political reformers in America as well as in England.

Dr. Mackay was first appreciated as a poet in America, and he has nobly expressed his gratitude in both prose and verse.

"When I was a young man," he writes, "I published a volume of poems. Seven copies only were sold at the time. I was disappointed."

"But comfort," he says, "came to me from a wholly unexpected quarter."

This comfort took the form of a letter from James T. Fields, Boston, Mass. It expressed appreciation of his work and asked for his autograph.

It has been Dr. Mackay's ambition to be the poet of the people. His "London Lyrics," "Voices of the Crowd," and "Songs of Emigration" are popular tones and echoes. As an explanation of his purpose in writing, he quotes with approval a remark made to him by Emerson: "The writers are the happiest and most to be envied who do not seek either fame, popularity, or reward, but who write as the birds sing or the stars shine, because it is their nature to do so."

In regard to the author of the music, which is very beautiful and popular, Dr. George F. Root says in his reminiscences:

"I. B. Woodbury was two or three years older than myself, and had commenced his musical work a year or two before me. He had a small room in Tremont Row, Boston. He was a most indefatigable student and worker. I think it was during my first winter in Boston that he taught a singing-school in Beverly, and often walked back to Boston, fifteen miles, after nine o'clock at night, to be ready for his lessons in the morning. We who were inured to the hardships of New England country life in those days did not think of such things as they would be thought of now. Mr. Woodbury was very economical, and in a year or two had saved enough money to go to London and take lessons for a few months. Soon after he came home he began to write, and it was not long before he published his first book of church music. He was prosperous and very ambitious. He said to me once, 'When I die I shall surprise the world,' and he did. He was not strong constitutionally, and the flame burned so fiercely that the end for him came early. It was then found that he had left almost his entire estate to found a Musical Institution—the money to be used for that purpose after it had been invested long enough to produce a certain sum. But the law stepped in and changed this disposition of his fortune in favor of his wife and children. Mr. Woodbury was a genial, pleasant gentleman, and, because he wrote only simple music, never was credited (by those who did not know him) with the musical ability and culture that he really possessed."

"IF WITH ALL YOUR HEARTS."

FELIX MENDELSSOHN BARTHOLDY, 1809–1847.

FELIX MENDELSSOHN BARTHOLDY, commonly known as Mendelssohn, was the son of a Hamburg banker, and was born in 1809. At the age of eight he could play at sight the scores of Bach.

"When a young man he visited England, and his reception was so cordial, his genius seemed so admirably adapted to the tastes of the people, and his successes were so brilliant and uninterrupted, that he thereafter gave his affections and a great portion of his artist life to the English people.

"He wrote the oratorio 'St. Paul,' which placed him in the front rank of great composers. Later he was invited to compose an oratorio for a national festival to be given in Birmingham, England. He chose for his subject 'Elijah,' and gave his soul to the composition with a self-consuming zeal.

"That was a grand occasion when the oratorio was first produced. It was the summer of 1846. Busy Birmingham lay circled with gardens of flowers; people of rank, genius, wit, flocked thither to listen to the masterpiece of the king of composers. The assembly represented the best ability of the world.

"All was expectation when Mendelssohn appeared. The oratorio opened. There were four solemn trumpet blasts, and Elijah, the man of the desert, who denounced the pagan altars that flamed on every hill,

appeared and cursed the land with famine and death. The music grew tumultuous, representing the distress of the people. The apostles cry aloud, 'Help, Lord!' and choruses, heavy with affliction, follow. Hope dawns with the magical tenor solo, 'If with all your hearts ye truly seek me,' and choral quartets relieve the distress of the prophet with the promise, 'He shall give his angels charge over thee.'

"Again the trumpets sound, and Elijah appears in presence of the king and announces the end of the famine. He calls the heathen priests to Mt. Carmel, and tells them that there the true God will manifest himself in fire. The scene on Mt. Carmel, where the frantic pagans call upon Baal, leads to one of the most weird and awe-inspiring choruses ever produced in music; and when the first part of the oratorio ended, the great audience knew that Mendelssohn had produced an immortal work, had created, as it were, a new orb of music which was to shine for all time.

"The second part was as wonderful, but not as overpowering. The soprano trio, 'Lift thine eyes,' the heavenly chorus, 'He watching over Israel,' the contralto song, 'Oh, rest in the Lord,' the earthquake in Mt. Horeb, and the departure of Elijah through the rending sky in the chariot of fire, the comforting choruses bringing the work to a close like the parting clouds of a tempestuous day, all added surprise to surprise and admiration to admiration, and at the end of the work, as the composer moved away, words of



praise greeted his ear on every hand like the sound of the shining waves of the sea. His genius had made a mighty effort and his triumph was complete.

"The composition of 'Elijah' consumed not only the genius, but the life, of Mendelssohn. After his overwhelming triumph at Birmingham, and while yet receiving the congratulations of princes and the praise of the whole musical world, he became conscious that his nervous system was shattered and that his days of usefulness were drawing to their close.

"'Play, play,' said a young friend to him, just after the performance of 'Elijah' at Birmingham.

"The young composer shed tears. 'I cannot play; I have no strength,' he said. He placed his thin hand upon his forehead and exclaimed, 'Oh, my head! my head!' looking upward to heaven, towards which his spirit was hastening. He died at Leipzig in 1847, the year after the production of 'Elijah,' at the early age of thirty-eight years."

"Great Composers."

"IF YOU CANNOT ON THE OCEAN."

PHILIP PHILLIPS, 1834.

A FAVORITE hymn of President Lincoln. The words are by Mrs. Ellen H. Gates. She says:

"The lines were written upon my slate one snowy afternoon in the winter of 1860. I knew, as I know now, that the poem was only a simple little thing, but somehow I had a presentiment that it had wings."

The Story of the Tunes.

"I HEARD THE VOICE OF JESUS SAY."

GIORNOVICHI, 1775–1804. HYMN BY REV. HORATIUS BONAR, 1808–1889.

IT is a remarkable fact that several great tunes found in hymn-books were composed by erratic men of genius whose sanity may even be doubted, and whom charity would pity as well as justice blame. Such are "Greenville" by Rousseau, the "Italian Hymn" by Giardini, and the above sympathetic hymn-tune by Giornovichi.

Of Giornovichi, or Jarnowick, "Moore's Cyclopædia" says:

"The following anecdotes are related of this singular character. On his journey to Lyons he once announced a concert at six francs a ticket, when, no company arriving, he resolved to be revenged on the avarice of the Lyonese, and postponed the performance to the following evening, changing the price of the tickets to three francs. A crowded audience was the consequence; but at the moment the concert was about to commence they were given to understand that Jarnowick had suddenly taken post-horses and quitted the town. Another time, being in the music shop of Bailleux, Jarnowick accidentally broke a pane of glass. 'Those who break windows must pay for them,' said Bailleux. 'Right,' replied the other; 'how much is it?' 'Thirty sous.' 'There's a three-franc piece.' 'But I have no small change.' 'Never mind that,' replied Jarnowick, 'we are now quits,' and immediately dashed his cane through a second square. He

often quarrelled with the Chevalier de St. Georges, who was a good violinist, but more celebrated swordsman. One day, in the heat of their dispute, Jarnowick boxed the ears of St. Georges, who contented himself with coolly observing to a third party who was present, '*J'aime trop son talent pour me battre avec lui*;' 'I admire his talents too much to fight him.'"

Beautiful melodies broke from these disturbed souls. What might have been possible to such genius had it been consecrated to Him whose service demands the best use of all the powers for the spiritual good of mankind!

"I KNOW THAT MY REDEEMER LIVETH."

GEORGE FREDERICK HANDEL, 1684–1759 SEE "COME UNTO HIM."

INDIAN HYMN.

In de dark wood, no Indian nigh,
Den me look heaven and send up cry,
  Upon my knees so low;
Den God on high will grant me grace
And hear me in his heavenly place;
  De Bible tell me so.

CLAIMED for Samuel Cowdell, a schoolmaster in Annapolis Valley, N. S., about 1820. It is popularly believed to have had an earlier date.

"I NEED THEE EVERY HOUR."

REV. R. LOWRY, 1826. SEE "SHALL WE GATHER AT THE RIVER." WORDS BY MRS. ANNIE S. HAWKS.

ITALIAN HYMN.

FELICE DE GIARDINI. 1716-1796.

Of Giardini, "Moore's Cyclopædia" thus speaks: "The general capricious character and splenetic disposition of Giardini were his bane through life. He spoke well of few, and quarrelled with many of his most valuable friends. Nothing but his very superior musical talents could have upheld him during the time he was in favor with the public. Careless of his own interest, and inattentive to all those means which would have promoted his success in the world, he at length sank under misfortunes of his own creating, and died in 1796 at Moscow, weighed down by penury and distress."

"I WAS A WANDERING SHEEP."

J. ZUNDEL. 1815-1882.

John Zundel was born near Stuttgart, Germany, in 1815, and received his musical education in Würtemberg. He went to Russia in 1840 to give an organ concert, and while at St. Petersburg met musical Americans who induced him to visit the United States. He was at first disappointed in America and saw dark days, but in 1850 he became organist of Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, then at the height of its popularity and influence.

With some intermissions, during one of which he was organist in Dr. Tyng's church in New York, he

remained organist of Plymouth Church for nearly thirty years. He died in Germany in 1882.

"JERUSALEM THE GOLDEN."

A. EWING. 1830.

THE grand and inspiring old hymn usually printed in three parts, "Jerusalem the Golden," "Jerusalem the Glorious," and "Brief Life is Here my Portion," was translated by Dr. John Mason Neale from Bernard of Cluny, and is almost always sung to this noble and popular tune "Ewing." The tune is in many hymn-books ascribed to Bishop Alexander Ewing. It was written by a nephew of the bishop's, who bore the same name. The younger Alexander Ewing was born in 1830. He was an amateur in music, and this tune seems to have been written in his happiest mood.

"JESUS IN THE TEMPLE."

WORDS BY MRS. MARY B. C. SLADE. 1826–1882. MUSIC BY DR. GEORGE F. ROOT, 1820. SEE JEWELS.

ALMOST every one has heard "Jesus in the Temple with the doctors wise." In music-books for young people and the fireside are to be found the initials "M. B. C. S." Few people are acquainted with the history of this lady out of her own city and State, except the mere fact that she was the editor of a school publi-

cation of much interest and worth, called "Good Times," and wrote much for young people, especially school songs.

She died in Fall River, Mass., in the spring of 1882, at the age of fifty-six. In her early life she was a teacher. Out of this experience came two successful books, "The Children's Hour," and "Exhibition Days." She was one of the editors of the "Journal of Education," edited the "School Festival," and conducted a department in the Philadelphia "School Day Magazine." She was a most prolific writer of Sunday-school and day-school songs.

Children were her delight. She worked for them to the last under the shadow of the sickness that ended her life. Her one ambition was to prepare the young for the highest duties of life. Millions of young people owe good influences to her.

JEWELS.

DR. GEORGE F. ROOT, 1820.

THE hymn-tunes and household songs of Dr. Geo. Frederick Root are universally known and sung, as well as those of his pupil Philip Paul Bliss. Who does not recall "Hazel Dell," "Music in the Air," and "Rosalie," among Dr. Root's household songs? and "Shouting the Battle Cry of Freedom," which thrilled the great mass-meeting in Union Square in 1861, and two years later led the decisive charge at Chickamau-

ga; and "Tramp, Tramp, Tramp," which rang through the camps of Chicago almost before the ink was dry, in the darkest period of the conflict? And again, who does not recall the "Vacant Chair" as the home song of the war, sung often amid blinding tears!

"Jewels" is a popular church bell melody, and we heard it rung from the chimes of St. Martin's, London, a few years ago.

JEWETT.

FROM VON WEBER, 1786–1826. BY J. P. HOLBROOK, 1822.

THIS most beautiful hymn, so often used at funerals, is a translation by J. Borthwick.

My Jesus, as thou wilt,
  Oh, may thy will be mine!
Into thy hand of love
  I would my all resign.
Through sorrow, or through joy,
  Conduct me as thine own,
And help me still to say,
  My Lord, thy will be done.

My Jesus, as thou wilt;
  Though seen through many a tear,
Let not my star of hope
  Grow dim or disappear;
Since thou on earth hast wept
  And sorrowed oft alone,
If I must weep with thee,
  My Lord, thy will be done.

My Jesus, as thou wilt,
  All shall be well for me;
Each changing future scene
  I gladly trust with thee:

Straight to my home above
I travel calmly on,
And sing, in life or death,
My Lord, thy will be done.

The music, as beautiful as the words, is an arrangement from Von Weber, and is usually called "Jewett." It was arranged by J. P. Holbrook.

The last hours of Carl Maria von Weber have been the subject of painting and song.

His last evening was passed at the house of Sir George Smart, London, in a musical company. They conducted him, enfeebled as he was by consumption, to his bed. "I must sleep now," he said. In the morning he was found dead in his room.

Von Weber had a tender conscience and a very religious nature, and it is to be regretted that his musical compositions led him much into the life of the theatre. His last days were a series of almost unequalled musical triumphs amid the burning fevers of pulmonary consumption. They were passed in London amid the society of the greatest living composers. His fairyland music, so much played on the piano and by the orchestra, was written amid a wearing cough and hectic fevers. He once wrote to his wife after one of his great London musical triumphs: "My best beloved Caroline, through God's grace and assistance I have this evening met with the most complete success. The brilliancy and affecting nature of the scene of the triumph are indescribable. God alone be thanked for it." The extract shows his devout nature, although so much of his life was

passed amid most worldly scenes. He died in London, 1826, aged forty.

"Let me go back to my own (his family), and then God's will be done." Whether these words, uttered in his last days, led to the arrangement of the music to the words, we cannot say; in sentiment they belong to each other.

"JOYFULLY, JOYFULLY ONWARD I MOVE."

REV. A. D. MERRILL, 1796–1878.

"I DIE at peace with God and all mankind," said the author of this once very popular hymn, when dying. It was a triumphant close of a triumphant life, and the hymn was a voice of the life and prophetic of the death.

Rev. A. D. Merrill, the author of this triumphal death-song, was born in Salem, N. H., 1796, and died April 29, 1878. He was a Methodist minister. He is still everywhere remembered by the denomination to which he belonged in New Hampshire and Vermont. He rode over these States mingling in revival scenes many years. His picture, which has been shown us by one of his sons, a Boston business man, bears a closer resemblance to that of Washington than any other face that we ever saw, and he was somewhat famous for this resemblance. He was a patriarchal-looking man. After a remarkable religious experience he entered upon the ministry with great zeal. His work was everywhere

blessed, and he has left an imperishable influence in New England. He composed both hymns and music. The above hymn and tune once formed one of the greatest favorites of the New England Methodists. It has proved the dying words of many who learned to sing it amid the old revival scenes:

"Soon, with my pilgrimage ended below,
Home to the land of bright spirits I 'll go."

"Death, with thy weapons of war lay me low;
Strike, king of terrors; I fear not the blow.
Jesus has broken the bars of the tomb,
Joyfully, joyfully haste to thy home."

The words were claimed both for Mr. Merrill and Rev. Wm. Hunter.

JUDGMENT HYMN.

THE London "Quiver" gives the following analysis of this majestic choral:

"'Luther's Hymn' is the popular name by which the hymn beginning

'Great God, what do I see and hear!'

and its accompanying tune are known.

"The hymn is, however, incorrectly called Luther's, and the tune cannot with probability be ascribed to him. The hymn has had a complicated history. It is founded upon one written by Bartholomew Ringwaldt, a village pastor in Prussia. Dr. Collyer, a dissenting minister in London at the beginning of the present century, met with a translation of the first



Martinus Luther
1542

verse made by some unknown person. He composed two additional verses; and this, with one or two changes, is the hymn which we possess. Though generally regarded as Luther's, the tune, as we have indicated, is not distinctly ascertained to be his. Winterfield does not include it in his collection of 'Luther's Spiritual Songs,' published at Leipzig in 1840; and although another editor gives it, he adds a widely credited story to the effect that Luther picked up the melody from the singing of a travelling artisan. The tune was first printed in 1535, but it had served before that as a second melody to the hymn,

'Nun freut euch, lieben Christen G'mein,'

written by Luther in 1523. The most, therefore, that can be said for the tune is that it is ascribed to the reformer with uncertainty. At one time it was frequently to be heard at musical festivals and sacred concerts in our own country. It was sung by Braham, and Harper, the celebrated trumpet player, accompanied it with very telling *fanfares* between the lines, such as may be seen in the version of this tune given in 'Cheetham's Psalmody.'"

KNOCKING.

GEORGE F. ROOT, 1820.

MUSIC by Root, words by Harriet Beecher Stowe, written for the "Christian Watchman and Reflector," the subject being Holman Hunt's picture.

LABAN.

BY LOWELL MASON, USUALLY SUNG TO WORDS BY GEORGE HEATH.

"My soul, be on thy guard."

LAKE STREET.

H. P. DANKS, 1834.

JONES' "Handbook of American Musicians" gives the following account of Mr. Danks' early history:

"This well-known and very successful song-composer was born April 6, 1834, at New Haven, Conn. When he was eight years old his parents removed to Saratoga, N. Y. At an early age he showed the true bent of his nature, and was placed under the care of Dr. L. E. Whiting, of Saratoga, who was an excellent amateur musician as well as a physician. His progress was so rapid that he was soon admitted to the choir of the First Presbyterian Church, over which Dr. Whiting presided. Some time after he accepted a similar position in the choir of the M. E. Church. About 1850 his parents removed again, this time to Chicago, where he was engaged as bass at the Clark Street M. E. Church, his voice having changed. Soon after removing to Chicago he began to try his hand at composing, but his father, who had no idea of his following music as a profession, looked upon all this as foolishness, and put the young man to work at his own trade, that of a builder.

"It was about this time that William B. Bradbury, then in the height of his career, held a convention in the city, which young Danks attended. Plucking up courage, he presented to that excellent musician a copy of his first hymn-tune, with a request that it be examined. Mr. Bradbury was so much pleased with it that he inserted it in his next book, the 'Jubilee,' under the name of 'Lake Street.' This decided Mr. Danks' future course, and he devoted himself to study and composition."

LAMPE'S TUNES FOR THE WESLEYS.

JOHANN FREDERICK LAMPE, 1692–1751.

MANY of the popular tunes employed by the early Methodists were composed or arranged by Frederick Lampe, a German musician, who has a most interesting religious history. The best account of Lampe and his musical work with the Wesleys that we have seen is found in S. W. Christopher's "Poets of Methodism," and we quote from that admirable work the references to Lampe and his friendships with the early Methodist preachers and writers.

"The brothers availed themselves of musical composition from any and every source, so that the people might be suitably and largely supplied with 'Service of Song.' These supplies sometimes came in a way beautifully illustrative of the harmony between the divine grace which they preached and the divine

Providence which guided their steps, their voices, and their pens. On March 29, 1746, Charles Wesley jots in his diary: 'I passed the afternoon at Mrs. Rich's, where we caught a physician by the ear, through the help of Mr. Lampe and some of our sisters. This is the true use of music.' This little record gives an insight into the way in which early Methodists made their private social gatherings subservient at once to their own cultivation in psalmody and the spiritual benefit of casual visitors, while it affords a clew to some of the first retired springs of Methodist hymn-tunes.

"Mr. Rich was the lessee of Covent Garden Theatre. His wife, a beautiful and accomplished actress, had on one occasion found her way into West Street Chapel, where Charles Wesley preached. She was arrested by the word, gave herself to the pursuit of divine mercy, and found the joys of salvation. Now came the conflict. Her husband required her usual presence on the stage; but, though enduring painful persecution, she firmly refused to appear unless it were to bear public testimony against theatrical amusements. She conquered. Her husband soon left her a rich widow; and under her roof her spiritual father always found a welcome. In her home it was that Charles Wesley met with Frederick Lampe, a German musician, who was engaged by Mr. Rich as a composer of dramatic music. For many years he had been a Deist; but on reading John Wesley's 'Earnest Appeal to Men of Reason and Religion,' he too be-

came a hearty believer in Christ, and consecrated his musical talent by setting tunes to many of the hymns of his now beloved friends, the Wesleys. The interesting relations between the members of this remarkable group are seen in happy light from a letter of Mrs. Rich to Charles Wesley on November 27, 1746, during her husband's life:

"'DEAR AND REV. SIR: I am infinitely obliged to you for your kind letter. It gave me great comfort and at a time I had much need of it; for I had been very ill both in body and mind.

"'I gave a copy of the hymn to Mr. Lampe, who, at reading, shed some tears and said he would write to you, for he loved you as well as if you were his own brother. The Lord increase it; for I hope it is a good sign.

"'The enclosed is a copy of a song Mr. Rich has sung in a new scene, added to one of his old entertainments, in the character of Harlequin Preacher, to convince the town he is not a Methodist. Oh, pray for him that he may be a Christian indeed, and then he will be more concerned about what he is called, and for me.

"'Your unworthy daughter in Christ.'

"The hymn which brought tears to the musician's eyes and elicited his expression of love for the man whose hymns he helped the Methodists to sing, was one in which the happy change in the gifted tune-

maker is charmingly sung, while the musician's hopes of future harmonies swell into longing ecstasy:

"Thou God of harmony and love,
Whose name transports the saints above
And lulls the ravished spheres,
On thee in feeble strains I call
And mix my humble voice with all
The heavenly choristers.

"If well I know the tuneful art
To captivate a human heart,
The glory, Lord, be thine;
A servant of thy blessed will,
I here devote my utmost skill
To sound the praise divine.

"With Tubal's wretched sons no more
I prostitute my sacred power
To please the fiends beneath,
Or moderate the wanton lay,
Or smooth with music's hand the way
To everlasting death.

"Suffice for this the season past—
I come, great God, to learn at last
The lesson of thy grace;
Teach me the new, the gospel song,
And let my hand, my heart, my tongue,
Move only to thy praise.

"Thine own musician, Lord, inspire,
And let my consecrated lyre
Repeat the Psalmist's part;
His Son and thine reveal in me,
And fill with sacred melody
The fibres of my heart.

"So shall I charm the listening throng
And draw the living stones along
By Jesus' tuneful name;
The living stones shall dance, shall rise,
And form a city in the skies—
The New Jerusalem.

"Oh! might I with thy saints aspire—
The meanest of that dazzling choir—
Who chant thy praise above!
Mixed with the bright musician-band
May I a heavenly harper stand,
And sing the song of love.

"What ecstasy of bliss is there,
While all the angelic concert share,
And drink the floating joys!
What more than ecstasy when all,
Struck to the golden pavement, fall
At Jesus' glorious voice!

"Jesus—the heaven of heaven he is,
The soul of harmony and bliss;
And while on him we gaze,
And while his glorious voice we hear,
Our spirits are all eye, all ear,
And silence speaks his praise.

"Oh, might I die that awe to prove,
That prostrate awe which dares not move
Before the great Three-One;
To shout by turns the bursting joy
And all eternity employ
In songs around the throne!

"Lampe's tunes became popular. In a letter to his wife Charles Wesley asks, 'How many of Lampe's tunes can you play?' and in an epistle from Newcastle to his friend Blackwell, the good London banker, he says, 'His tunes are universally admired here among the musical men, and have brought me into high favor with them.' Like many a pious musician, Lampe must have found it difficult to maintain the public exercise of his profession. It was more easy to throw his heart into a Methodist hymn-tune than to entertain the musical multitude. In October,

1748, he was in Dublin, and his friend Wesley says, 'I met at Mr. Lunell's an old Dutch Quaker who seemed to have deep experience of the things of God. At two Mr. Lampe and his wife called, and were overjoyed to see me. I cannot yet give up my hope that they are designed for better things than feeding swine—that is, entertaining the gay world.'

"What curious associations are sometimes around these brothers in song—an old Dutch Quaker and a converted German musician and tune-maker! The tune-maker realized his poetic friend's hope at last. His work of 'feeding swine' was over; he got something better in the music way, more to his taste, and that for ever! With what a swell of poetic music and heavenward affection Wesley sings at his upward flight!

"'T is done! The sovereign will 's obeyed,
The soul, by angel-guards conveyed,
Has took its seat on high;
The brother of my choice is gone
To music sweeter than his own
And concerts in the sky.

"His spirit, mounting on the wing,
Rejoiced to hear the convoy sing
While harping at his side;
With ease he caught their heavenly strain,
And smiled and sung in mortal pain—
He sung and smiled and died.

"Enrolled with that harmonious throng,
He hears the unutterable song,
The unutterable Name;
He sees the Master of the choir,
He bows and strikes the golden lyre,
And hymns the glorious Lamb.

"He hymns the glorious Lamb alone,
No more constrained to make his moan
In this sad wilderness:
To toil for sublunary pay,
And cast his sacred strains away,
And stoop the world to please.

"Redeemed from earth, the tuneful soul,
While everlasting ages roll,
His triumph shall prolong,
His noble faculties exert,
And all the music of his heart
Shall warble on his tongue.

"Oh, that my mournful days were past!
Oh, that I might o'ertake at last
My happy friend above!
With him the Church triumphant join,
And celebrate in strains divine
The majesty of love!

"Great God of love! prepare my heart,
And tune it now to bear a part
In heavenly melody;
I'll strive to sing as loud as they
Who sit enthroned in brighter day
And nearer the Most High.

"Oh, that the promised time were come!
Oh, that we all were taken home,
Our Master's joy to share!
Draw, Lord, the living, vocal stones,
Jesus, recall thy banished ones,
To chant thy praises there,

"Our number and our bliss complete,
And summon all the choir to meet
Thy glorious throne around;
The whole musician-band bring in,
And give the signal to begin,
And let the trumpet sound."

LANESBORO.

WILLIAM DIXON, ABOUT 1790.

LANSINGBURG.

A SUBLIME TUNE, PERHAPS BY REV. J. NEANDER, 1610-1680.

LEAD, KINDLY LIGHT.

J. B. DYKES, 1823-1876.

DYKES' MUSIC.

"Veni, Creator."
"Hark, hark, my soul!"
"Come, Holy Ghost."
"Holy, holy, holy! Lord God Almighty."
"Hollingside."
"The day is past and over."
"Ten thousand times ten thousand."
"Thou whose almighty word."
"Jesus lives."

Considering the world-wide fame of the late Dr. Dykes' hymn-tunes, very little is known about their author. No memoir of him has been written, no authentic list or collection of his books has been compiled.

John Bacchus Dykes was born at Hull, on the 10th of March, 1823. He was the son of W. H. Dykes, and grandson of Rev. Thos. Dykes, for many years in-

cumbent of St. John's Church, Hull. During childhood John Dykes showed a remarkable talent for music. His sister, Miss Dykes, write to us:

"We were very nearly the same age, and I was always his companion in early life. Music seemed to come to him as by instinct. He really needed but little instruction, but could catch any air or play by ear long before he was able to play from note. He used to practise on the organ as a little child, and played at grandfather's church during service when he was ten years old."

One of the greatest punishments that could be inflicted on him was to debar him from his favorite pastime of organ-playing. In 1840, when John was seventeen years of age, his father went to live at Wakefield, and here the son entered the West Riding Proprietary School, where he remained three years and was frequently a prizeman. In October, 1843, he matriculated at St. Katharine's Hall, Cambridge, and a few weeks after was elected Yorkshire Scholar of his College. Previous to his arrival in Cambridge a small musical society had been formed at St. Peter's College, and this was now merged in a larger one, called the Cambridge University Musical Society, of which Mr. Dykes and Sir William Thompson, F. R. S., were leading members. Mr. Dykes was unanimously chosen conductor of the society, and under his management it greatly prospered. Mr. Dykes' musical skill made him a popular man with Town and Gown, and it speaks well for his staunchness that in spite of end-

less social engagements he did not let his reading suffer. By husbanding his time he managed to accomplish an extraordinary amount of study.

In January, 1847, Mr. Dykes was ordained deacon and licensed to the curacy of Malton. In 1849 he was appointed by the Dean and Chapter of Durham to be Minor Canon and Precentor. This was owing to his musical skill and his success as conductor at Cambridge. Mr. Dykes found matters at Durham in a neglected state. A collection of chants was in use which paid no regard to the character of the Psalms, and led to jubilant words being sung to plaintive music, and *vice versa.* His cathedral duties were not heavy, and he had leisure to devote himself to the Precentorship, which was naturally a congenial task. He began his more important musical works by contributing an anthem, "These are they which came out of great tribulation," to Sir Frederick Ouseley's collection of anthems for special occasions. And for the cathedral use he wrote a burial service and other music. This also was a very productive period in regard to hymn-tunes.

In 1861 the University of Durham conferred the degree of Mus. Doc. upon Mr. Dykes, in recognition of his talent. In 1862 he was presented to the vicarage of St. Oswald's, a parish church in Durham. Here for fourteen years he discharged his duties with an earnestness and love that won for him the affection of many and the respect of all who came into contact with him. He died at St. Leonard's on Jan. 20, 1876.

Mr. Dykes' character, as all who knew him testify, was particularly sweet and attractive. Miss Dykes writes to us:

"His nature was bright, sunny, and joyous, and he had a wonderful power of making friendships. He was a most amusing and delightful companion, and one whom all loved and courted. His great charm was, however, his deep and sincere religion. This seemed to be the hidden spring of all his outer life."

Dr. Dykes' sympathies were wide and his human hope strong. He was always gratified to learn how all Christian bodies used his tunes, and he heard ever with interest of the festivals of the Nonconformist church choirs of Durham and Northumberland which were conducted for so many years at Newcastle by James Hall. In the scrap-book which his son, the Rev. E. H. Dykes, has lent us, we find an address delivered by Dr. Dykes at one of the Durham Church Institute Readings, in which he discourses as follows on the popular cultivation of music:

"I earnestly hope that many of our young men will avail themselves of the opportunity thus offered them of obtaining, at a very reasonable cost, some practical knowledge of the delightful art of music. It always appears to me such a pity that an intelligent acquaintance even with the rudiments of music is so rare in this country. How very few, for instance, are able to sing correctly at sight even the simplest compositions. Look at our parochial choirs. Is there a clergyman who does not experience the difficulty of

finding in his parish men or boys capable of taking promptly and accurately the four separate parts even of the commonest chants or psalm-tunes, to say nothing of more difficult music? How often is there no alto to be obtained, or no tenor or no bass; how frequently the boys are unable to read a note of music, and have to sing by ear."

Dr. Dykes went on to vindicate the musicality of England in comparison with that of Germany, Italy, and France; and then followed some wise words on part-singing:

"There is certainly no more pleasant, rational, innocent, social, and I may add healthy indoor exercise and amusement than part-singing. And to those who master the preliminary difficulties I need hardly say what a well-nigh exhaustless store of delightful music they will find awaiting their study and practice and enjoyment. I would specially instance our English glees, a class of compositions taking an intermediate position between the modern German part-song and the old and more scientific Italian madrigal, and partaking of the merits of both. Many of these compositions are of exceeding beauty."

Dr. Dykes concluded his address by hoping that the singing-class would indirectly contribute to the improvement of the choral worship of the churches:

"Public worship, our sacrifice of praise and thanksgiving, is a sacred exercise which should engage the activities not of our ears only, but of our whole being, body, soul, and spirit; it is an oblation of heart and

voice to God; an offering of the best of what we are and what we have to him, our ever blessed Creator, Redeemer, and Sanctifier. And if people love an attractive service and ceremonial, we must always remember that it is God Almighty who first taught them to love it and encouraged us to employ it."

We have already remarked that no complete collection of Dr. Dykes' tunes has been published. The task would indeed be difficult. Dr. Dykes was in the habit of composing tunes here, there, and everywhere, and would often make a present of the manuscript to a friend, keeping no copy. The number of tunes composed by him must be very great. Dr. Dykes' nephew, Mr. Levett, of Hull, writes:

"A clerical admirer of the revered composer, with whom I have long kept up a correspondence on the subject of hymn-tunes, has counted those written by Dr. Dykes (both in print and manuscript) which are in his possession, and his musical library is extensive. He found the total number of tunes to be 242, including the carols which my uncle wrote for the Bramley and Stainer collection. But this gentleman had not then got all the discovered tunes, and a good many more have turned up since the time he made the collection. I discovered two fresh ones only a few weeks ago. I know of others which I have not yet been able to procure, but which I hope to get eventually."

With reference to Dr. Dykes' habits of composition Miss Dykes writes to us:

"Many of his best tunes seemed to come to the

words to which they were composed as impromptu suggestions, and for this reason he always much preferred keeping them for the hymns to which they were originally written. He wrote his tunes quite independently of the piano, often in solitary walks or in a railway train."

His son, the Rev. E. H. Dykes, informs us that his father "used to write his tunes mostly in his study, going to the piano to satisfy himself about some of the harmonies. He often used railway travelling, too, for writing his tunes, though the only tune I know for a fact that he wrote in a train was one to 'Come, Holy Ghost,' called 'Veni, Creator' in a book edited by Mr. John Grey. The tune to 'Hark, hark, my soul!' was composed as he was going to Skiddaw. As children we often used to sing over some of his new tunes on Sunday evening; nor did we fail to criticise them, and not infrequently some of our suggestions were accepted. He used to say that he always made a practice of offering up some short prayer before he wrote anything. With regard to congregational singing, he was a great advocate of it, and often used to urge it in his sermons."

In mentioning Dr. Dykes' tunes we speak naturally of the hymns to which they are set, rather than of their names. This is what he most desired, that they should never be separated from the words which inspired them. In the last edition of "Hymns Ancient and Modern" there are no less than fifty-four of his tunes, and the student of psalmody who takes the

trouble to turn up these tunes and play them over will find the occupation a profitable one. No exercise can better impress us with the change which has come over the hymn-tune of late years—a change of which Dr. Dykes, more than any one else, may be called the author. The old tunes, of which our books are full, are solid, regular, and cast in a uniform mould. We apply them freely to hymns of corresponding sentiment in the same metre, and we find that they have a wonderful capacity for suiting many hymns. By no means have we done with these tunes. We shall always sing them, and admire their stately form and their strength of structure, which time does not affect. But we have begun to unite with them tunes in which the attempt is made to embody and express the sentiment of one particular hymn. Such tunes it was that Dr. Dykes took the lead in writing, and the novelty of a close sympathy between music and verse has proved a welcome addition to the resources of psalmody. For example, we all feel how truly the tune "Hollingside" breathes the spirit of "Jesus, lover of my soul;" how full of repose and calm is "The day is past and over;" how weighted with grief is "Oh, come and mourn with me a while;" how strongly descriptive is "Fierce raged the tempest;" how solemn are the wailing minor chords of "Day of wrath, O day of mourning!"

Dr. Dykes brought the fruit of his wide reading of modern music to bear upon all he wrote. He must have been an especial student of Spohr, for his com-

positions bear traces of the manner of that writer. Smoothness is a great characteristic of Dykes' tunes; he moves the parts as little as possible, and he succeeds best with quiet or plaintive words. His setting of Dean Alford's "Ten thousand times ten thousand" is perhaps the most joyful and rousing of his tunes; but here, as in "Thou whose almighty word" and "Jesus lives," we feel that he has been surpassed in strength and boldness by contemporaries like Sullivan, Smart, and Guantlett. To speak more particularly of his style, we must be for a moment technical, and remark on his use of related minor modes, his fondness for passing notes and second inversions, and for harmonic sequences. In almost every tune there is some progression that strikes the ear and is remembered as congenial to the hymn. This free employment of the licenses of modern harmony gives a warmth and color to his tunes which is the true secret of their popularity. Generally, but not always, Dr. Dykes kept in view the singing powers of the congregation. All his tunes presuppose an organ accompaniment, without which their progressions must be ineffective. He had, however, a very good idea of how what he wrote would sing, and was a perfect master of vocal effects, which are entirely distinct from instrumental. His tunes generally may be recommended to the student as good models of form and design; in this respect "Hollingside" ("Jesus, lover of my soul") and "Sanctuary" ("Hark! the sound of holy voices") are prominent. It will be noted how he

carries his harmonic idea through a whole phrase, and not merely from chord to chord, as did the old tunes. A funeral hymn, "Now the laborer's task is o'er," he has beautifully set; and his setting of "In the hour of trial," in "The Hymnary," is in the same strain. Dr. Dykes was not always successful. His tune to "Art thou weary?" has been entirely set aside by the simple melody of Sir Henry Baker, and his tunes for "The pilgrims of the night," and "O paradise!" have not carried all before them. The latter two are, indeed, somewhat weak. He was fond of setting Iambic hymns in triple time, beginning on the first of the bar, an arrangement which upsets the accent of the first foot of every line. The prayer for those at sea, "Eternal Father, strong to save," is deservedly one of the most popular of Dr. Dykes' tunes; in this case we must give due credit to the words, which embody a truly English feeling, which had not before found expression in our hymnody.

Looking back on the labors of Dr. Dykes, we cannot but rejoice in them and give thanks for the church musician, as we have always done for the church hymnodist. The extent to which Dr. Dykes had by his tunes touched the heart of the nation was shown by the raising of over £10,000 as a memorial of him at his death. This sum, it is said, has really left his family in more comfortable circumstances than they were in during his lifetime.

From "Tonic Sol Fa Magazine," London, 1887.

LEONI.

A HEBREW MELODY.

AN ancient Hebrew melody that Rossini doubtless had in mind when he wrote the famous "Prayer" of "Moses in Egypt." It is still sung in England, and always in Mr. Spurgeon's Tabernacle on Hebrew Day.

The story of its haunting the mind of Olivers (see "Story of the Hymns"), and of his writing to it the majestic hymn, "The God of Abrah'm Praise," is thus told in a recent English publication. We have alluded to the hymn elsewhere, but here, following the work from which we quote, we give the words entire.

"The God of Abrah'm praise,
Who reigns enthroned above,
Ancient of everlasting days,
And God of love:
Jehovah—great I Am—
By earth and heaven confessed;
I bow and bless the sacred name,
For ever blest.

"The God of Abrah'm praise,
At whose supreme command
From earth I rise, and seek the joys
At his right hand:
I all on earth forsake,
Its wisdom, fame, and power,
And him my only portion make,
My shield and tower.

"The God of Abrah'm praise,
Whose all-sufficient grace
Shall guide me all my happy days
In all my ways:
He calls a worm his friend,
He calls himself my God!
And he shall save me to the end,
Through Jesus' blood.

"He by himself hath sworn;
I on his oath depend;
I shall, on eagle's wings upborne,
To heaven ascend:
I shall behold his face,
I shall his power adore,
And sing the wonders of his grace
For evermore.

"Though nature's strength decay
And earth and hell withstand,
To Canaan's bounds I urge my way
At his command:
The watery deep I pass
With Jesus in my view,
And through the howling wilderness
My way pursue.

"The goodly land I see,
With peace and plenty blessed;
A land of sacred liberty
And endless rest:
There milk and honey flow
And oil and wine abound;
And trees of life for ever grow,
With mercy crowned.

"There dwells the Lord our King,
The Lord our righteousness,
Triumphant o'er the world and sin,
The Prince of Peace:

On Zion's sacred heights
His kingdom still maintains;
And glorious, with his saints in light,
For ever reigns.

"He keeps his own secure,
He guards them by his side,
Arrays in garments white and pure
His spotless bride:
With streams of sacred bliss,
With groves of living joys,
With all the fruits of paradise
He still supplies.

"Before the great Three-One
They all exulting stand,
And tell the wonders he hath done
Through all their land:
The listening spheres attend,
And swell the growing fame,
And sing, in songs which never end,
The wondrous Name.

"The God who reigns on high
The great archangels sing,
And 'Holy, holy, holy,' cry,
'Almighty King!
Who was, and is, the same,
And evermore shall be;
Jehovah, Father, great I Am,
We worship thee.

"Before the Saviour's face
The ransomed nations bow;
O'erwhelmed at his almighty grace,
For ever new:
He shows his prints of love,
They kindle to a flame,
And sound through all the worlds above
The slaughtered Lamb.

"The whole triumphant host
Give thanks to God on high;
'Hail, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,'
They ever cry:
Hail, Abrah'm's God—and mine!
I join the heavenly lays,
All might and majesty are thine,
And endless praise."

It is said that while Olivers was visiting his friend John Bakewell, the hymnist, he went to a Jewish synagogue, and was so deeply impressed with an old Hebrew melody sung by Dr. Leoni that on his return he produced the stanzas which are metrically adapted to the admired tune. A distinguished hymn-writer may be taken as a critic of authority. "There is not in our language," says James Montgomery, "a lyric of more majestic style, more elevated thought, or more glorious imagery; its structure, indeed, is unattractive; and, on account of the short lines, occasionally uncouth; but, like a stately pile of architecture, severe and simple in design, it strikes less on the first view than after deliberate examination, when its proportions become more graceful, its dimensions expand, and the mind itself grows greater in contemplating it. The man who wrote this hymn must have had the finest ear imaginable; for on account of the peculiarity of the measure, none but a person of equal musical and poetic taste could have produced the harmony perceptible in the verse."

Olivers lived to see the issue of at least thirty editions of his hymn. But he did not live to hear all the soul-music which his hymn has awakened among

the spiritual children of faithful Abraham on their way from every scene of mortal life to their home beyond the flood. Holy women and consecrated men have made it their song in the land of their pilgrimage; and portions of it have formed their final utterances of triumph in crossing the border of their inheritance.

The saintly wife of that saintly man who, in his simple faith, came so near to Abraham himself, William Carvosso, of Ponsanooth, in Cornwall, was called for the last eighteen months of her life to extreme suffering. But her consolations abounded; so that her sweet singing was not silenced even by strong pain. Often were parts of her favorite hymn heard ringing through the house. Now it would be,

"The God of Abrah'm praise,
At whose supreme command
From earth I rise, and seek the joys
At his right hand:
I all on earth forsake,
Its wisdom, fame, and power,
And him my only portion make,
My shield and tower."

And then frequently,

"He by himself hath sworn;
I on his oath depend;
I shall, on eagle's wings upborne,
To heaven ascend."

Depending on that divine oath, she herself passed into heaven.

In a little snug retreat under a hillside, near Callington, in the west of England, the Methodist preachers used to be entertained with a motherly affection

by the aged wife of Mr. Geake, a veteran Methodist leader and local preacher. When the good woman was young she was always ready, in the warmth of her zeal, to go from place to place assisting the preachers by the use of her fine voice in singing. And now, when beyond eighty, she would say, "My voice is weak, but I can sing still; my heart sings; and often of an evening I lift up my song."

"Can't you give me a morning song?" said a friend one day.

"Yes, I think I can."

And then, in a thin, tremulous tone, she sang her favorite hymn, which she said Dr. Adam Clarke had taught her while a girl, when he used to preach in her father's parlor. It was,

"The God of Abrah'm praise."

The Rev. William Worth, when about to finish his Methodist itineracy, had been lying for some time in silence, as though he were listening attentively. At length he said, "Hark, do you hear that sweet music?" "Yes," he added, speaking to the unseen, "precious Saviour, thou art mine." Then, breaking forth into praise, he exclaimed,

"I shall behold his face,
I shall his power adore,
And sing the wonders of his grace
For evermore."

"Hark!" he cried again. "Hallelujah! glory! glory for ever and ever!"

It was his last shout as he passed up to "behold His face."

The great Methodist theologian, too, Richard Watson, after a life of holy familiarity with "the cherubim of glory overshadowing the mercy-seat," came to the end frequently giving out his elect song,

"I shall behold His face."

"When," said he, "shall I leave this tenement of clay for the wide expanse? When shall the nobler joys open, and I see my God?" And then the song broke forth afresh:

"I shall behold his face,
I shall his power adore,
And sing the wonders of his grace
For evermore."

From Rev. S. W. Christopher's "Poets of Methodism," London: Haughton & Co.

"LET THE LOWER LIGHTS BE BURNING."

P. P. BLISS, 1838–1876.

ON a dark, stormy night, when the waves rolled like mountains and not a star was to be seen, a boat, rocking and plunging, neared the Cleveland harbor.

"Are you sure this is Cleveland?" asked the captain, seeing only one light from the lighthouse.

"Quite sure, sir," replied the pilot.

"Where are the lower lights?"

"Gone out, sir."

"Can you make the harbor?"

"We *must*, or perish, sir!"

And with a strong hand and a brave heart, the old pilot turned the wheel. But alas, in the darkness he missed the channel, and with a crash upon the rocks the boat was shivered and many a life lost in a watery grave. Brethren, the Master will take care of the great lighthouse: *let us keep the lower lights burning.*'

D. L. MOODY.

This event led to the composition of the hymn:

Brightly beams our Father's mercy
From his Lighthouse evermore;
But to us he gives the keeping
Of the lights along the shore.

CHORUS.

Let the lower lights be burning!
Send a gleam across the wave;
Some poor fainting, struggling seaman
You may rescue, you may save.

"LIFE IS WEARY, SAVIOUR, TAKE ME."

GEORGE NEUMARCK, 1621–1681.

THERE is a remarkable history, one which signally illustrates the special providence of God, attached to a beautiful German hymn. About 1650 George Neumarck, a writer of hymns and a musician of Hamburg, fell sick. He had picked up a scanty living by playing on the violoncello in the public streets, a custom not then unusual with poor students. The sickness prevented Neumarck from going his usual rounds. He was soon reduced to such poverty as compelled him to part with his instrument, his only means of support.

He pawned the violoncello to a Jew, who lent him on it a sum much below its value. The loan was to run two weeks, and if the instrument should not be redeemed within that time, it would be forfeited. As Neumarck handed it to the Jew, he looked at it lovingly, and with tears in his eyes said,

"You don't know how hard it is to part with it. For ten years it has been my companion. If I had nothing else, I had it, and it spoke to me and sang back to me. Of all sad hearts that have left your door, there has been none so sad as mine. Let me play one more tune upon it?"

Gently taking hold of the instrument, he played so exquisitely that even the Jew listened in spite of himself. A few more strains, and he sang to his own melody the hymn written by himself,

"Life is weary, Saviour, take me."

Suddenly he changed the key, and his face lighted up with a smile as he sang,

"Yet who knows the cross is precious."

Laying down the instrument, he said, "As God will; I am still," rushed from the pawnbroker's shop, and stumbled against a stranger who had been listening at the door.

"Could you tell me," asked the stranger, "where I could obtain a copy of that song? I would willingly give a florin for it."

"My good friend," replied Neumarck, "I will give it to you without the florin."

The stranger was the valet of the Swedish am-

bassador, and to him the singer told his sad story. He told his master, who, becoming interested in Neumarck, appointed him his private secretary. With his first money he redeemed his instrument, and calling in his landlady and friends, sang his own sweet hymn, of which this is a part:

To let God rule who 's but contented,
And humbly in him hopeth still,
Shall marvellously be prevented
In every sorrow, every ill.
Who leaneth on God's mighty hand,
He hath not built his house on sand.

For what is all our heavy yearning,
And wherefore make we such ado?
What prospers it that every morning
We o'er our sorrow wail anew?
Whereunto works our clamor vain
But to increase our grief and pain?

Then must we for a time content us,
And for a little while be still,
Await what through God's grace is sent us,
What worketh his omniscient will.
God, who our helper deigns to be,
Well knoweth our necessity.

"LIFT THINE EYES."

FELIX MENDELSSOHN BARTHOLDY, 1809–1847.

See "If with all your hearts."

MAGNIFICAT ANIMA MEA DOMINUM.

LUKE 1 : 46. "And Mary said, 'My soul doth magnify the Lord,' " etc.

An ancient chant of the Latin Church.

MAJESTY.

WILLIAM BILLINGS, 1764–1800. WORDS BY THOMAS STERNHOLD, 1480–1549.

"WILLIAM BILLINGS, of Boston, a natural genius with no education," is the brief biography which we have already quoted from one work on music. If Billings lacked education, he did not lack enthusiasm. He felt it in his very boyhood and his work has outlived his critics; art perishes, but genius is immortal.

Billings was the pioneer in American music. During one hundred and fifty years of New England history, music scarcely had a voice; then came Billings. He was born in Boston, October 7, 1746. He was the author of the tunes "Majesty" and "Christ the Lord is risen indeed," but is best known by "Rock of Ages." He was influential in forming the Stoughton Choral Society, which has celebrated its hundredth anniversary, and was in one sense the parent of the Boston Handel and Haydn Society. Moore, in his "Cyclopædia of Music," gives some interesting incidents of Billings' history.

"His first publication was exceedingly deficient in all the constituent requisites of good melody as well as good harmony, and particularly as to accent. It will not bear criticism, and it may amuse the reader to see the remarks of the author himself on his own work. In the preface to his second publication he said, 'Kind reader, no doubt you remember that about ten years ago I published a book entitled "The

New England Psalm Singer;" and truly a most masterly performance I then thought it to be. How lavish was I of encomiums on this my infant production! Said I, "Thou art my Reuben, my first-born, the beginning of my strength;" but to my great mortification I soon discovered it was Reuben in the sequel and Reuben all over. I have discovered that many pieces were never worth my printing or your inspection.' Of course in his second work, which at length obtained the name of 'Billings' Best,' and which professed to be an abridgment of the first, he omitted altogether a great proportion of the tunes, and amended very much those he retained, particularly in the point of accent. This work, as well as his fourth, called the 'Psalm Singer's Amusement,' became very popular, and no other music for many years was heard throughout New England. Many of the New England soldiers, who during the Revolutionary War were encamped in the Southern States, had many of his popular tunes by heart, and frequently amused themselves by singing them in camp, to the delight of all who heard them. A gentleman in Philadelphia, distinguished for his great literary attainments, as well as for his musical taste, often spoke of the great pleasure he enjoyed from this source during that period, and said that the name of Billings had been dear to him and associated with the happiest recollections ever since. Finally, whatever may be said of Billings' music, and however deficient it may now be thought to be in good taste as well as in many

other respects, it certainly gave great delight in its day, and many now living, who were accustomed to hear it in their youth, are much inclined to prefer it to the more elaborate and learned music of the present time."

He died in 1800, and was buried in the Granary Burying Ground. No stone marks his grave. It would seem that the musical circles of Boston owe a monument, or a memorial of some kind, to his memory, for, like a prophet of old, he led the way of those who have made Boston a musical city.

MARSEILLAISE HYMN.

THIS French revolutionary song has been so much used in churches to words written for missionary meetings that its real origin is worthy of note among church tunes. A recent investigation in London shows that the song owes its inspiration to the German composer Holtzmann, though its development, form, and patriotic use are due to Rouget de Lisle. The following account of its true origin is translated from the German, and was published in "Education" in 1886:

The revolutionary hymn known by the name of Marseillaise, at the sound of which the pillars of the French monarchy fell like the walls of Jericho before the trumpets of Joshua, was not composed, as it has been supposed heretofore, by the French poet, De Lisle, but by a worthy German named Holtzmann,

who was the organist at the royal court of the Palatinate. It is the same Holtzmann of whom Mozart wrote to his father from Mannheim with so much commendation, and by whom a religious cantata was presented during Mozart's stay in Paris.

When this organist of the royal court composed the melody of the Marseillaise, he little thought to sound a trumpet whose tones should thrill the world, nor could he have anticipated that the child of his muse would be so entirely turned from the use to which it was appropriated as to become the leader of an atheistical republican army. Who would imagine it? That hymn, around which so many bloody reminiscences cluster, was originally the music composed for a Credo of a mass some twenty years before the French Revolution.

The manuscript from which this discovery was made bears the date 1776. During my stay in Meersburg, the former residence of the Bishop of Constance, and where I was appointed organist and musical director of the cathedral, I examined carefully the somewhat extensive musical library which was under my care. I was much interested in certain manuscripts which had been received by Prince Dalberg from Salem Cloister, and by him entrusted to the keeping of the church. They were mostly masses, vespers, etc., by Italian and German masters. Among these I found six masses with this title: "VI Short Masses, written in an elegant style, in accordance with modern taste, composed by Holtzmann." These interested

me, especially by reason of their beautiful airs, flowing melodies, pure sentences, and easy instrumentation. I examined them the more carefully, therefore, and was not a little surprised to find in No. IV. (in G) the complete melody of the Marseillaise. Please notice that I do not speak of a similarity of reminiscence which, perchance, might have occurred unintentionally; but there is, note for note, a conformity in melody, harmony, time, and tone. De Lisle must have had a copy of Holtzmann's masses before him when he set his words to music. This may be easily explained. De Lisle wished the hymn which he had written to be sung at once; but, as there was no composer at his command, he arranged it for himself. He played or sang, probably, in the churches and convents; so that Holtzmann's masses, which had found their way, by means of copies, to the Rhine, Alsatia, and to the bishoprics of Speier and Strasburg, were familiar to him.

J. B. Hamma.

MARTYN, 1834.

SYMEON B. MARSH, 1798–1875.

THE words most frequently sung to this tune are perhaps "Jesus, lover of my soul." They are often sung to Lowell Mason's missionary hymn, "Watchman, tell us of the night," and to Dykes' tune "Hollingside." Holbrook's also is used in many collections.

In the "Story of the Hymns" several stories that

have been told in regard to the origin of this hymn are given. The following account is regarded as most authentic: "Charles and John Wesley and Richard Pilmore were driven by a mob from a common where they were holding a meeting, and hid from violence in a spring-house. There Charles Wesley wrote with a pencil the immortal hymn.

MAXIM'S MELODIES.

GRANVILLE MAXIM.

THESE were local, a part of the anonymous songs of the old New England revival. Says the "Lewiston (Maine) Journal:"

Among the early inhabitants of Buckfield was one Granville Maxim, a man of marked ability, but of very eccentric habits. He early manifested an ardent love of music, and, for that day, was said to have acquired a very thorough knowledge of its principles. He was an eminent composer and author of many of the most popular melodies of that day, which are now known as continentals, and by long and continued use have become so firmly established in the heart of not only the people of this State, but throughout this Union, as to render their author's name almost a household word.

In early life, as tradition tells us, he met with a very serious disappointment in love. Tired of life and disgusted with the world, he one morning took a

stout rope and wandered into the deep forest between the Owl's Head and Streaked Mountain with the fixed purpose of putting an end to his existence. He continued his way till he came to a deserted logging-camp, where he sat down to rest and think the matter over. On the old hovel sat a lone sparrow uttering her lament at the disturbing of her nest by some ruthless marauder. He sat for a long time listening to the plaintive song of the bereaved bird. At last he thought to leave some memento, which might chance to meet the eyes of his lady-love, and in some measure remind her of his sufferings. Going to a birch-tree he removed a piece of bark, on which he wrote the following lines:

"As on some lonely building top
The sparrow tells her moan,
Far from the tents of joy and hope
I 'll sit and grieve alone."

He then commenced to write a plaintive melody of most exquisite sweetness in the minor scale, justly befitting the language. When he had finished this he had become so interested in his work that he began to affix the other parts, and his whole mind and energies seemed wrapped up in the work before him.

Evening had begun to cast its shadows over the valley ere his task was completed. When the whole was adjusted to his liking, his lively imagination, to his infinite delight, pictured the glorious harmony which must arise from his subject when performed by his competent choir. His love of life returned, and

his idea of suicide vanished. Throwing his rope into the adjacent bushes, he hastened homeward, and became a very popular and useful man.

MERTON.

HENRY K. OLIVER, 1800–1885.

GEN. OLIVER was an organist in Salem from 1828 to 1849. One Sunday morning in 1843 the hymns of the day were given him. One of them was:

Ye golden lamps of heaven, farewell,
With all your feeble light;
Farewell, thou ever-changing moon,
Pale empress of the night.

And thou, refulgent orb of day,
With brightest beams arrayed,
My soul that rises o'er thy sphere
No more demands thy aid.

The stars are but the shining dust
Of my divine abode,
The pavement of those heavenly courts
Where I shall dwell with God.

He could find no suitable tune to these words. During the afternoon sermon, however, a tune to the sublime hymn came floating into his mind. We continue the story as told in "Olden-Time Music," edited by Henry M. Brooks:

Taking paper and pencil, he secured it, adding the parts in the score for his own use, and then giving to each singer his part on a slip. The singers were of

rare excellence, both in voice and skill; and the new tune, given with earnestness and effect, took at once.

The next day Gen. Oliver accidentally met Dr. Brazer, who inquired about the new tune, its author, and where it could be found, adding that he did not remember ever to have heard it before.

"I never did myself," replied its author; and then confessing that he had employed his time otherwise than in attending to the sermon, asked the good minister to forgive him his neglect.

"Oh, yes," said Dr. Brazer; "but look a moment: have I not a right to complain that you, a member of my church, a teacher in my Sunday-school, and the leader of my choir, should have set so bad an example as to be seen by the singers writing music, instead of listening to my preaching?"

"Yes, yes; I have done evil, in that view of the case," was the reply. "But the thought came suddenly, and had I not pencilled it down it would have been lost; and now, being secured, it may possibly do some good in its way. I accept the reproof; but tell me, suppose that while we were leading the worship at our end of the church, and the people and their minister were joining therein, either in voice or in spirit, as they should do, some new thought which had not occurred to you during your work at the sermon in your study should suddenly suggest itself, would you not just quietly pencil it down on the margin of your notes, so that we, the people, might have the benefit of it?"

"Oh, yes," replied Dr. Brazer; "I have done that many times, and with good effect too."

"Yes, yes," was the retort; "so I have heard. Now don't you think it wrong for the minister of the parish, seated as he is in open sight of all the worshippers, to be seen scribbling marginal notes while the choir is endeavoring to lead the people in their songs of praise? Hey, doctor, whose notes are the more sinful — yours of the margin or mine of the score? So, in the way of rebuke, let's call it an even thing, and if sin it be, let's sin no more."

A hearty laugh followed.

MILLENNIAL DAWN.

GEORGE JAMES WEBB, 1803–1887.

USUALLY sung to the words, by Rev. S. F. Smith,

"The morning light is breaking."

Among the musical friends of Dr. Mason was George James Webb, the well-known author of the hymn-tune "Millennial Dawn." He was born in Wiltshire, England, 1803. He was, with Dr. Mason, one of the founders of the Boston Academy of Music, of which a very popular music-book of nearly half a century ago bears the name.

MISSIONARY HYMN.

THE popular story of the composition of this tune, which has so powerfully aided the cause of foreign

missions, is confirmed by a letter from the venerable widow of Dr. Mason, and is as follows:

A lady in Savannah, Ga., was struck with the beauty of Bishop Reginald Heber's noble hymn,

"From Greenland's icy mountains."

She could find, however, no tune that seemed to suit her. She remembered a young bank clerk, Lowell Mason, afterwards so celebrated, who was just a few steps down the street, and who had a reputation as a musical genius. So she sent her son to ask him to write a tune that would go with the hymn. In just half an hour the boy came back with the music, and the melody dashed off in such haste is to this day sung with that song.

MONSON.

SAMUEL R. BROWN, 1810–1880.

THIS tune was composed by Rev. Dr. Samuel R. Brown, the son of Phœbe Brown, who wrote the hymn which in most collections begins,

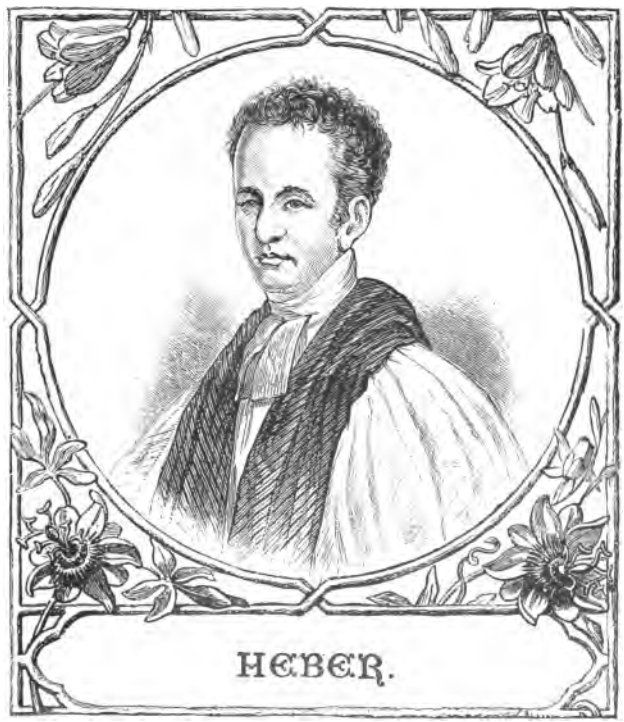
"I love to steal a while away."

This is one of the rare instances of a son setting to music a mother's hymn.

The tune "Brown" was written for it by Wm. B. Bradbury.*

We were recently reading an account of the rapid progress of Christian thought in Japan. The old superstitions of thousands of years in the flowery

* See "Hinsdale."



HEBER.

kingdom are crumbling before the silent march of the Cross. I had occasion to speak of this wonderful intellectual and spiritual change at a missionary concert. After the concert a young man came to me with the question,

"Who was the first American missionary to Japan?"

"Brown," I said; "Dr. Brown, of Yokohama. He was sent out by the Reformed Dutch Church."

"What was his early history?" asked the young man.

"I do not know," I said. "I have heard that Dr. Brown once remarked that he owed all that he was to the influence of his mother. You may know the hymn-tune 'Monson.' It was written by Dr. Brown; and his grandfather, I believe, wrote the hymn-tune 'Hinsdale.'"

The question, to which I could then give but an imperfect answer, haunted me. I found myself asking, "What was the influence behind the beginning of American missionary work in Japan? What was the early inspiration of the pioneer?"

There was once an infant Sunday-school in Monson, Mass., under the spiritual guidance of a very humble woman, whose name was Phœbe Hinsdale Brown. This quiet woman, of a simple home and very limited means, gave her heart and prayers to this infant-class; and her lessons were so intelligently and conscientiously prepared that they were in part published by the Massachusetts Sunday-school Society.

Mrs. Brown was born in Canaan, New York, 1783. Her maiden name was Hinsdale. She married Timothy H. Brown, a house-painter, a poor, hard-working man; and they began their home at Ellington, Tolland Co., Conn.

While living at Ellington Mrs. Brown wrote a poem, a part of which is now generally familiar to the whole Christian world. It began:

Yes, when the toilsome day is gone,
And night with banners gray
Steals silently the glade along
In twilight's soft array,

I love to steal a while away
From little ones and care,
And spend the hours of setting day
In gratitude and prayer.

I love to feast on nature's scenes
When falls the evening dew,
And dwell upon her silent themes,
For ever rich and new.

I love in solitude to shed
The penitential tear,
And all his promises to plead
Where none but God can hear.

In the "Friend," published in Honolulu, in 1879, appeared a history of this hymn, the facts of which were furnished by Dr. S. R. Brown, of Yokohama, the son of Mrs. Brown, and the pioneer missionary to Japan. The history includes Mrs. Brown's recollections of it.

"It was at Ellington" (1818), she says, "that I wrote the 'Twilight Hymn.' My baby daughter was in my arms when I wrote it."

It was her custom to go out alone at twilight and walk near or in a neighbor's garden, to engage in silent prayer. Her neighbor spoke to her of such conduct being strange. This wounded her feelings, and led to the writing of the hymn, which was a poem of apology.

"I had four little children," she says, "a small unfinished house, a sick sister in the only finished room, and there was not a place where I could retire for devotion. There was no retired room, rock, or grove where I could go, as in former days; but there was no dwelling-house between the house and the one where that lady lived. Her garden extended down a good way below her house, which stood on a beautiful eminence. I often walked up that beautiful garden, and felt I could have the privilege of that walk and a few moments of uninterrupted communion with God; but, after knowing that my steps were watched and made the subject of remark and censure, I could not enjoy it as I had done."

Mrs. Brown removed to Monson, Mass., where she lived some thirty years; hence the name of the hymn-tune "Monson," written by her son. She died at Henry, Ill., 1861. Her infant Sunday-school at Monson was the field of her simple missionary work. It was poor in all its resources, and, in a worldly view, an unpromising effort; but it was rich in prayer, faith, and spiritual knowledge—and here was the motive power behind the impulse that sent the first American missionary to Japan.

"Her record is on high," says Dr. Brown of his mother, "and she is with the Lord whom she loved and served as faithfully as any person I ever knew; nay, more than any other. To her I owe all I am; and if I have done any good in the world, to her, under God, it is due. She seems even now to have me in her hands, holding me up for work for Christ and his cause with a grasp I can feel."

David Hogg, the Sunday-school teacher of Dr. Livingstone, was a very humble man, but he had spiritual experience and knowledge. Phœbe H. Brown did not learn to read until she was eighteen years of age, but she became a student of the Bible and understood spiritual truth. It is spiritual knowledge whose influence is the most potent in forming character, and that lives the longest in the world. It is the unseen influences that are eternal.

Such incidents as these have an eloquent and inspiring lesson to the teacher in the smallest country Sunday-school. The hand that leads the child to spiritual knowledge grasps the future, wherever the work may be done. One would be surprised to find how large a number of our public men, members of Congress, mayors of cities, leaders of thought in all the professions, have been trained in the country Sunday-school. New England can boast many men whose higher spiritual thoughts were guided by some God-fearing man or woman in a schoolhouse Sunday-school; and how many ministers and missionaries can trace the beginning of their spiritual quickening to as

humble an influence as the steadfast old Scottish Sunday-school teacher, David Hogg!

Sow, and leave the harvest to the future. The autumn sun will come to the sky. It is one of the sweetest attainments of spiritual growth to love, to trust God, and wait his will.

"Do thou thy work: it shall succeed,
In thine or in another's day;
And if denied the victor's meed,
Thou shalt not miss the toiler's pay."

"MORE TO FOLLOW."

WORDS AND MUSIC BY P. P. BLISS, 1838–1876.

THIS hymn was suggested by the following incident:

A vast fortune was left in the hands of a minister for one of his poor parishioners. Fearing that it might be squandered if suddenly bestowed upon him, the wise minister sent him a little at a time, with a note saying, "*This is thine; use it wisely; there is more to follow.*" Brethren, that's just the way God deals with us. D. L. MOODY.

Have you on the Lord believed?
Still there 's more to follow;
Of his grace have you received?
Still there 's more to follow.
Oh, the grace the Father shows!
Still there 's more to follow;
Freely he his grace bestows,
Still there 's more to follow.

CHORUS.

More and more, more and more,
Always more to follow;
Oh, his matchless, boundless love!
Still there 's more to follow.

MT. VERNON.

DR. LOWELL MASON, 1792–1872.

THE beautiful hymn-tune "Mt. Vernon" was composed by Dr. Lowell Mason on the inspiration of the moment, under the influence of feelings excited by the death of a pupil, Miss M. J. Crockett, aged sixteen, of the Mt. Vernon School, Boston, July, 1833. Rev. J. S. C. Abbott thus tells the story:

When the hour appointed for the music lesson arrived in the school where the pupil died, and where Dr. Mason taught, and the pupils had arranged their desks and prepared themselves for the lesson, the impression seemed deepened, for the missing one had been, perhaps, peculiarly distinguished for her proficiency in music and for the interest which she had taken in the lesson.

At the appointed moment Mr. Mason entered and walked to his usual position at the blackboard. He immediately commenced the lesson, writing upon the board, as was his custom, a series of simple exercises for the pupils to sing, but all now of a plaintive character. He made few remarks and gave little oral instruction, but wrote in succession upon the board strains harmonizing, in the expression of sadness and



solemnity which characterized them, with the feelings appropriate to the occasion.

In what he said he made no allusion to the occasion itself or to the loss which all present felt that they had sustained. He went on in this way until the close of the hour began to draw near. Then he combined the passages which had been sung separately as exercises, or strains in harmony with them, and formed the tune "Mt. Vernon" as it is now printed in the books, and the pupils sang it by note.

After repeating it two or three times, till the air had become in a measure familiar to all, he wrote beneath it the words by which it is now usually accompanied, beginning,

> "Sister, thou wast mild and lovely,
> Gentle as the summer breeze."

After the class had sung the four stanzas, Mr. Mason closed the lesson in his usual manner and left the room. It would be difficult for one not present at the time to conceive of the deep but quiet solemnity of the effect produced by this delicate and gentle mode of dealing with the emotions of young hearts on such an occasion.

MUHLENBERG.

"I would not live alway."

THIS hymn is often sung to the old melody "Afton." The words are by the Rev. W. A. Muhlen-

berg, D. D. The hymn appeared June 3, 1826, in the "Episcopal Recorder."

The late Dr. Muhlenberg, of New York, was the first to introduce large choirs of male voices into that city. He used them to lead the worship of the Church of the Holy Communion, of which he was pastor. There were two choirs, one up stairs, called "the upper choir," and one below, near the chancel, known as "the lower choir." They chanted the Psalter antiphonally, the lower choir leading the congregation.

During the cholera season, Fred, one of the boy-choristers, was attacked by the terrible disease. The good pastor hastened to his bedside. With a last effort the little fellow threw his arms around the doctor's neck, kissed him, and expired.

A week or two later a messenger came for him to see another of his boy-choristers. He found the child dying. The family were kneeling around the bed.

"There, doctor, is your little chorister," said the distracted mother, as the pastor entered the room.

He began to pray with the mourners, but ere he had finished, the boy breathed out his spirit.

"Do you remember, doctor," asked the mother, gazing on her dead boy, "that a few days ago you said to me, 'Willie is now ready to take Fred's place; he must go into "the upper choir" '?"

"I do," answered the pastor.

"Your words seemed prophetic — 'the upper choir'!"

The good doctor went home and wrote in his journal:

"Willie was to have sung the alto in 'Arise and shine,' on Twelfth Night—just as Fred began last year. Down stairs, too, he had been sitting precisely in Fred's place. So God takes my boys. I have often thought of dressing them in surplices, but he arrays them in his own white robes."

The good doctor, who wrote the well-known hymn,

"I would not live alway,"

has himself gone to the "upper choir." His hymn, that will "live alway," showed that his heart and thought were there.

They who "turn many to righteousness" shall shine "as the stars," and happy are the workers in answer to human needs whose thoughts mingle with the hopes, aspirations, and joys of the "upper choir."

Dr. Muhlenberg in old age was pastor of St. Luke's Hospital, where not only the bodies but the souls of the sick are ministered to. He resided in the house, and welcomed the lowliest offices of love as opportunities of ministering to the Lord's sick.

One day a poor, purblind man, just discharged from another hospital, sought the pastor. After giving the old man a dinner in his own study, the clergyman was met by the maid-servant, carrying back the empty plates to the dining-room.

"O doctor, doctor!" she exclaimed, "why did you not call me to get these?"

"No, no," was the reply, "I am a servant in the Lord's hotel."

The devoted man's mere presence was a benediction. "There will never be another such Christian within these walls," sobbed a poor woman, as she took grateful leave on her recovery. His example has proved a precious treasure to the church.

Youth's Companion.

MY AIN COUNTRIE.

P. P. BLISS. 1838–1876. FOUNDED ON A SCOTCH MELODY.

WORDS by Mrs. Mary Lee Demarest, written in 1861, and published in the "New York Observer" over the signature "L."

Mr. Bliss lived to do good by uplifting those who had fallen. Gifted with a genius for writing "gospel songs" which took hold of the popular heart, he set them to stirring music and sang them from place to place. To hundreds they proved songs of good news.

On one Sunday he sang a number of his sacred songs at a Sunday-school in Minneapolis, prefacing each with appropriate remarks, such as moved all to unite in expressing the sentiment of the words and music.

Among these was the touching spiritual song, "My Ain Countrie." Home, its sacred associations, satisfying joys, familiar scenes, was the theme with which he prefaced the quaint words and touching melody. Sympathetic tears glistened in many eyes as he spoke of his own home in Chicago, and the de-

light with which he would even then run up the steps and hear his little son, rushing to the door, exclaim, "Papa's come! papa's come!"

"But, children," he added, "there's another home to which I expect to go by-and-by. I don't know when it will be, and I am willing to wait; for I love to tell you about the dear Saviour and the mansions he is preparing for all who love him. Oh, how glad and happy I shall be when I get to that blessed home; and I want to meet all of you there."

Then, with a voice of tenderness, he sang "My Ain Countrie," whose fourth stanza seems almost prophetic of the sudden death, the quick keeping "tryst," that awaited the sweet singer.

I am far frae my hame, an' I 'm weary aftenwhiles
For the langed-for hame-bringing an' my Father's welcome smiles;
I 'll ne'er be fu' content until my e'en do see
The gowden gates o' heaven an' my ain countrie.
The earth is flecked wi' flowers, mony-tinted, fresh, and gay;
The birdies warble blithely, for my Father made them sae;
But these sichts an' these soun's will as naething be to me
When I hear the angels singing in my ain countrie.

I 've his gude word o' promise that some gladsome day the King
To his ain royal palace his banished hame will bring;
Wi' e'en an' wi' hearts running ower we shall see
"The King in his beauty," in our ain countrie.
My sins hae been mony, an' my sorrows hae been sair,
But there they 'll never vex me, nor be remembered mair;
For his bluid hath made me white, an' his hand shall dry my e'e
When he brings me hame at last to my ain countrie.

Sae little noo I ken o' yon blessed bonnie place;
I ainly ken it 's hame, whaur we shall see his face;
It wad surely be eneuch for ever mair to be
In the glory o' his presence in our ain countrie.

Like a bairn to its mither, a wee birdie to its nest,
I wad fain be ganging noo unto my Saviour's breast,
For he gathers in his bosom witless, worthless lambs like me,
An' he carries them himsel' to his ain countrie.

He is faithfu' that hath promised; he 'll surely come again:
He 'll keep his tryst wi' me, at what hour I dinna ken;
But he bids me still to wait, an' ready aye to be
To gang at ony moment to my ain countrie.
So I 'm watching aye, an' singing of my hame as I wait
For the soun'ing o' his footfa' this side the gowden gate.
God gie his grace to ilk ane wha listens noo to me,
That we a' may gang in gladness to our ain countrie.

It was a terrible, horrible disaster, to human thinking, amid which the good man was in a moment called "to gang" to his "ain countrie." But to his "watching" heart the crash of the bridge, the fall of the train, the roar of the flames, seemed but the whirlwind and the chariot of fire. Not in sorrow but in gladness the singer heard "the soun'ing o' his footfa'" which announced then and there the Lord's keeping of his "tryst."

"God gie his grace . . . . .
That we a' may gang in gladness to our ain countrie."

NINETY AND NINE.

IRA D. SANKEY.

ELIZABETH C. CLEPHANE, a lady in Melrose, Scotland, was led to see the beauty of the character of Christ in the parable of the Good Shepherd. She possessed genius, and sometimes expressed her best thoughts in verse. The vision of Christ leaving the



glories of heaven and becoming a seeker of men who had gone astray, like an Eastern shepherd seeking a wandering sheep in perilous places, touched her heart with poetic fervor, and she wrote the hymn beginning:

> "There were ninety and nine that safely lay
> In the shelter of the fold."

One of the stanzas most vividly and tenderly expressed her clear view of divine sympathy and compassion:

> "But none of the ransomed ever knew
> How deep were the waters crossed,
> Nor how dark was the night that the Lord passed through
> Ere he found his sheep that was lost.
> Out in the desert he heard its cry—
> Sick and helpless and ready to die."

The poem was published in a local paper, and the lady soon afterwards died, and went to the Good Shepherd whose love for the wandering and perishing had gained the affections and service of her life. She was buried in one of the churchyards in beautiful Melrose.

The efforts of a sincere life always meet some needs of others, and are often given, under Providence, a special mission in the world. The simplicity and fervor of the little poem gained for it an unexpected recognition.

The American evangelist, Mr. Sankey, was one day returning from Edinburgh to Glasgow, to hold a farewell meeting there. Glasgow had been the scene of the most signal triumphs in the work of Messrs. Moody and Sankey, and this farewell gathering promised to be one of thanksgiving and tears, of wonderful interest, power, and feeling.

Mr. Sankey, on this occasion, desired to introduce a new hymn which would represent Christ as a compassionate and all-sufficient Saviour. "Before getting on the train," he says, "I went to the news-stand and bought two or three papers—some secular, some religious—and in one of them I found these verses:

> "'There were ninety and nine that safely lay
> In the shelter of the fold.'

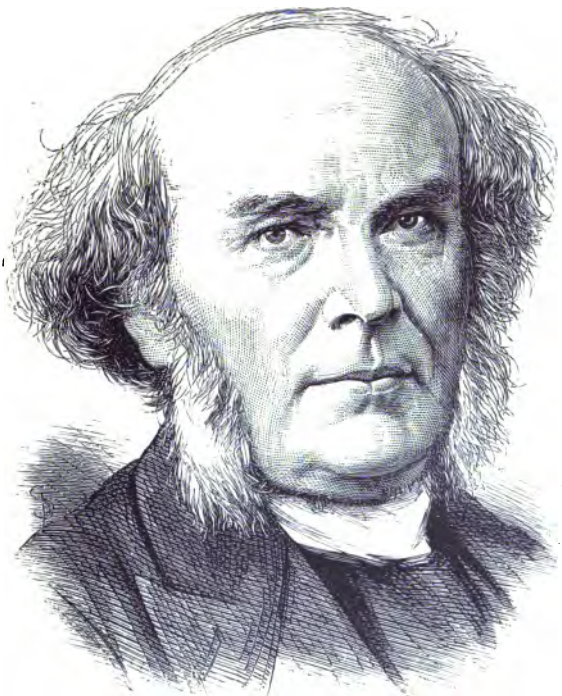
"I said to my brother Moody, 'That's just the hymn I have been wanting. I think the Lord has really sent it to us!'

"Next day this little tune or chant that it is set to came to me.

"We went into the noon meeting, and dear Dr. Bonar, who has written so many beautiful hymns, was there, and the thought came to me, 'We must sing now this new hymn that the Lord has sent us.'

"The tune had scarcely formed itself in my head yet, but I just cut the words from the paper, put it in front of me on the organ, and began to sing them, hardly knowing where the tune was coming from; and what a blessed meeting we had!"

The meeting was a very crowded one, and tender feelings were awakened in all hearts, bringing vividly to all minds, as it did, the fact that the world is full of farewells. The imagery of the hymn—the Shepherd, the sheep-fold, the dark night on the hills, the anxious search and the joyful return—was in harmony with Scottish associations and touched the best feelings of



the converts and inquirers. Christ stood revealed in the song.

Away in the gallery there sat a lady who was at first startled and then deeply affected by the hymn. She was unable to speak to the sweet singer in the confusion that followed the close of the meeting, but she soon after wrote to him from Melrose and said, "I thank you for having sung, the other day, my deceased sister's words. She wrote them five years ago. She is in heaven now."

NORTHFIELD.

JEREMIAH INGALLS, 1764–1838.

It is related of Mr. Ingalls that as he was travelling in Massachusetts he became very hungry, stopped at an inn, and ordered his dinner, which was long delayed. The delay led him to think of his spiritual hunger, and give him time to compose this tune.

"NOTHING TRUE BUT HEAVEN."

OLIVER SHAW, 1778–1848.

"Mary's tears."

"Home of my soul."

"Down in the Sunless Retreats."

Music by Oliver Shaw, born in 1778. He was a music teacher in Providence, R. I., where he was

greatly beloved for his amiable life and Christian character.

O CHURCH OF CHRIST.

G. F. ROOT, 1820.

"O Church of Christ, our blest abode,
Celestial grace is thine;
Thou art the dwelling-place of God,
The gate of joys divine.

CHORUS.

"Where'er for me the sun may set,
Wherever I may dwell,
My heart shall nevermore forget
Thy courts, Immanuel.

"O Church of Christ, O Church of Christ,
I came to thee for rest,
And found it more than earthly peace
To be Immanuel's guest.

"Whene'er I come to thee in joy,
Whene'er I come in tears,
Still at the gate called Beautiful
My risen Lord appears.

This hymn originally appeared in the Cantata of "Under the Palms." The cantata was written for the service of the church choir and Sunday-school, and published by John Church & Co., Cincinnati. It met with great success in England, and the above hymn found a place in Mr. Spurgeon's congregation, and in others both in America and England.

OLD HUNDRED.

GUILLAUME FRANCK, 1520–1570.

THIS is sometimes attributed to Martin Luther, but was probably written by William (Guillaume) Franck, one of fifty musicians who composed tunes for the French version of the Psalms. These tunes were printed in Strasburg, 1545, shortly before Luther's death.

Some say that Louis Bourgeois, a Frenchman who perished at the Massacre of St. Bartholomew, August 24, 1572, composed Old Hundred.

Mr. Whitefield was one day preaching in Boston on the wonders of the Creation when a tempest arose. The storm became terrific, and the great preacher fell on his knees and repeated the hymn:

"Hark! th' Eternal rends the sky!
A mighty voice before him goes!—
A voice of music to his friends,
But breathing thunder to his foes!
Come, children, to your Father's arms:
Hide in the chambers of my grace
Till the fierce storm be overblown
And my revenging fury cease."

"Let us devoutly sing to the praise and glory of God the 7th hymn: Old Hundred."

The whole congregation instantly arose and poured forth the sacred song, in which they were nobly seconded by the scientific and respected Mr. ——, on the full organ, in a style of pious grandeur and heartfelt devotion that was never surpassed. By the time

the hymn was finished the storm was hushed, and the sun, bursting forth, showed through the windows to the enraptured assembly a magnificent and brilliant arch of peace. The preacher resumed his desk and his discourse with this apposite quotation:

"Look upon the rainbow, and praise him that made it; very beautiful it is in the brightness thereof!

"It compasseth the heaven about with a glorious circle, and the hands of the Most High have bended it." Ecclus. 43:11, 12.

The remainder of the services were well calculated to sustain that elevated feeling which had been produced; and the benediction with which the good man dismissed the flock was universally received with streaming eyes and hearts overflowing with tenderness and gratitude. Boston "Telegraph," 1824.

A beautiful and familiar passage (Psa. 126:5) in the Hebrew reads, "They that sow in tears shall reap in *singing*."

To some brave souls in trouble, as to Paul and Silas in prison, the singing even takes the place of the tears and anticipates the harvest of joy, as the story of David Corrie touchingly illustrates.

David Corrie was a Scotch boy, trained in the Covenanters' faith, and early taught both to say the Catechism and to sing the Psalms.

Many of the grand melodies of Luther and the German Reformers had found their way among the harsher tunes of his native land, and through all his childhood and youth he had heard them and joined in

them by the fireside and at the kirk, till they were as familiar as his own name.

But David Corrie had a restless spirit, and as he grew to manhood he could not abide at home.

He shipped as a sailor, and for years had his will of wandering, while the license of sea-life gradually wore out the pious impressions of his earlier days.

Then a sudden sorrow checked him in his erring ways and shut him up to reflection. His ship fell into the clutches of the Algerines, and he was carried in chains to Oran and sold as a slave.

For a time this affliction, so terrible to his restless, loving nature, almost crushed him, but the old memories and the holy lessons of his youth returned at length, and became his only comfort.

Time passed, and the galling hardship of his servitude never lightened, and no deliverance seemed near. But he suffered on in patience, and every day, when his task was done, and he lay in his guarded quarters, he thought over the sacred texts he had learned in boyhood, and "sang the Lord's songs in a strange land."

One lovely moonlight night, as an English man-of-war lay to in the harbor off the shore where David was confined, some sailors heard in the distance the strains of "Old Hundred" stealing over the sea.

Recent events, the time, the character of the place, all quickly suggested the explanation: there was a British subject in captivity. Ever ready for an adventure, the generous tars manned a boat, and fol-

lowing the sound of the song, reached the spot where the prisoner lay, and, with one bold stroke in the king's name, wrested him from his Moslem guardsmen's hands and carried him under the protection of the English flag.

Restored to liberty, David Corrie returned to his dear old Scottish home, where he found his mother still living. Humble gratitude inspired him from that day, and, mindful of his strange deliverance, through all his life of piety and peace he sang from an overflowing heart the old refrain,

"Be thou, O God, exalted high."

"Youth's Companion."

OLIVET.

LOWELL MASON, 1792–1872.

THE "Christian Union," New York, of April 7, 1887, just after the death of Dr. Palmer, gave the following account of the hymn and tune. (See PALMER, in "Story of the Hymns.")

"The Rev. Ray Palmer, D. D., whose name and hymns are known wherever the voice of Christian praise is raised to God, died at his home in Newark, N. J., on Tuesday of last week, at the age of seventy-nine. His last incoherent words seemed to be an attempt to repeat verses.

"Dr. Palmer was born in 1808 in Rhode Island, was educated at the Andover School, at Yale College, and at the Yale Theological Seminary. He was grad-



Very truly Yours

Ray Palmer

uated from Yale in 1830, and began his life-work as a teacher in New York. Here, when he was but twenty-two years old, he wrote his first and most popular hymn, beginning,

"'My faith looks up to thee,
Thou Lamb of Calvary,
Saviour divine!'

"This familiar hymn has been translated into a dozen foreign languages, and is known and sung in every civilized land. It might never have been published but for Dr. Lowell Mason, who met Mr. Palmer in Boston a year or two after the verses were written and asked him for some sacred lyric to be set to music. Mr. Palmer gave him 'My faith looks up to thee,' and a day or two later, when Dr. Mason met him on the street, he said to him,

"'Mr. Palmer, you may live many years and do many things, but you will always be best known as the writer of that hymn.'

"Dr. Mason composed for it the favorite tune of 'Olivet,' to which it is generally sung."

The list of hymns written by Ray Palmer is a long one. Among the first lines are the following:

"Come, Holy Ghost, in love."

"Fount of everlasting love."

"Away from earth my spirit turns."

"Jesus, these eyes have never seen."

"Jesus, thou joy of loving hearts."

"Oh, sweetly breathe the lyres above."

"Come, Jesus, Redeemer, abide thou with me."

OLMUTZ.

GREGORIAN. WORDS BY JAMES MONTGOMERY.

"Servant of God, well done."

As a rule it is the best that survives. The best music lives; but genius outlives art, and that is the best in which the musical faculty is inspired by an earnest and devout soul. In church music certain characteristic forms have from time to time appeared, and those which have best proclaimed a truth or expressed a sentiment have lived until a better expression came. The greatest of these, perhaps, is the Gregorian chant, with its many variations, from the stately mass to simple "Olmutz" or "Hamburg." Like a triumphal march it has led the church through many years. It had its origin in ancient music, perhaps as old as the Hebrew temple. It took new phases from the musical church of Ambrose, from Pope Gregory, from Palestrina. Modern music has not supplanted it by any deeper expression of devotion or more majestic ascription of humble and devout praise.

Gregory the Great was born at Rome, of an illustrious family, about 540. He was the nuncio of Pope Pelagius II. to Constantinople. On returning from this mission he desired to retire from the world for his spiritual good and to pass his life in seclusion. But he had a sympathetic nature. Rome was visited by a direful plague; people were dying everywhere,

and everywhere crying for help. Gregory felt impelled to leave his retreat and go to the people with a message of faith and hope. How? Strangely enough, by music. He came forth from his retreat, the voice of one crying in the wilderness of the great plague. He organized musical processions and marched through the plague-stricken streets followed by choirs singing litanies. The music calmed the terror of the people, revived a strong religious sentiment, and the plague was stayed.

Gregory was soon after elected pope, and it was due to the missionary efforts of the pontiff that England received Christianity. Instead of the life of retirement and meditation of which he had dreamed, he became one of the most active potentates of his own time or any age; yet he was an invalid during most of his life.

About five half-centuries before the time of Gregory, the musical church of St. Ambrose in Milan had begun to delight the world with the gospel of song. Out of it had come the *Te Deum Laudamus*, said to have been first sung at the baptism of Augustine. The Ambrosian music had continued until this time, and a need now began to be felt of an enlargement of sacred song. Gregory revised the old music and established a great music school to sing from the "Antiphonarium," as the first great church music book was called. He used to superintend this music school lying on his bed, and for centuries the rod was preserved with which he used sometimes to prompt

dull pupils and correct mistakes. It was thus that the Ambrosian chant passed into the Gregorian, and many grand tunes, like "Olmutz," are adapted from the Gregorian and Ambrosian music.

The hymn usually sung to Olmutz, commencing

"Servant of God, well done,"

was written about 1825, on the death of Rev. Thomas Taylor, a Wesleyan minister. He became very poor for the gospel's sake. He died suddenly of old age. In a sermon delivered shortly before his death he said, "I should like to die like an old soldier, sword in hand." Hence the hymn.

The early part of the present century found England as full of poets as her greenwoods are full of singing birds. There is a strange sadness in the last days of many of these sweet singers, for at the close of life they looked back on the past with bitter and gloomy sorrow. Byron wrote,

"The worm, the canker, and the grief
Are mine alone;"

and Shelley,

"Alas! I have not hope nor health,
Nor peace within, nor calm around."

But there was one poet, not greatly valued in his early career, whose life came to a triumphant conclusion. At the age of eighty-two he could say, "Goodness and mercy have followed me all the days of my life." He thus paints the prospects that unfolded before his mind in his last calm and expectant years:

"My Father's house on high,
Home of my soul, how near
At times to faith's foreseeing eye
Thy golden gates appear."

Who has not sung his hymns, "Sow in the morn thy seed," "A poor, wayfaring man of grief," "Oh, where shall rest be found?" "Servant of God, well done," "For ever with the Lord"?

This poet was born in a humble cottage in Ayrshire, a quaint parsonage, a place where pilgrims have long loved to go to gather helpful memories. His father was a Moravian minister, a poor man, but one who carried the love of God in his heart.

The Moravians at this time believed God called them to plant missions in the parts of the world where white men could not long expect to live—missions to which they would become martyrs—as in Greenland and Africa. Some of them offered to sell themselves into slavery, that they might the better labor for the spiritual good of slaves.

The Moravian minister and his wife, the parents of our poet, heard the call. They resolved to go to the West Indies, and leave their sons, James and Robert, "to God and the Moravian brethren." They soon found the martyrdom they expected.

"My father bowed his aching head
About my mother's dying bed;
From lip to lip, from heart to heart,
Passed the few parting words—'We part,'
But echoed back, though unexpressed,
'We meet again!' rose on each breast.

Amid the elemental strife,
That was the brightest hour of life:
Eternity outshone the tomb,
The power of God was in the room."

That poet was James Montgomery. His Moravian father and mother, who sleep in unmarked graves, did not trust him to Providence in vain. He grew up to sing the songs of the missionary church for all time, and when he was borne to his grave a great city silenced its business, and the titled and the poor alike filled the streets with uncovered heads.

There are many honored spots in England and Scotland, but few that gather to themselves holier associations than the old cottage at Ayrshire, the birthplace of James and Robert Montgomery.

"ONE SWEETLY SOLEMN THOUGHT."

DR. EBEN TOURJÉE, 1834.

THIS simple, beautiful, and sympathetic melody was composed by Dr. Eben Tourjée. It is often sung on funeral occasions. It was written about the year 1873, in one of the rooms of the building of the Boston Music Hall, where the New England Conservatory of Music was first established. Dr. Tourjée was impressed with the spiritual beauty of the words of the hymn, which had been set to light music. He said, "That hymn ought to have a more serious setting," and produced this tune whose sentiment so well fits the words.

"ONLY REMEMBERED."

P. P. BLISS, 1838–1876. WORDS BY DR. BONAR.

MR. BLISS wrote a number of tunes to other words than his own. Among them are "What hast thou done for Me?" by Frances Ridley Havergal; "What shall the harvest be?" by Mrs. Emily L. Oakey; "Precious promise," by Nathaniel Niles; "Eternity," by Ellen H. Gates; "Arise and shine," by Mary A. Lathbury; "It is well with my soul," by H. G. Spofford.

"ONWARD, CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS."

SIR ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN, 1842.

AUTHOR of much light music and several sacred cantatas; born in London, 1842. He was one of the first composers to depart from the old style of setting all the stanzas of a hymn to the same music. His most popular sacred compositions are "The Prodigal Son" and "The Light of the World."

Mr. Stanley, in his "Dark Continent," gives a touching illustration of the influence of songs when the mind is troubled or depressed. The party had been in great danger, and had passed through severe fighting. Frank Pocock, the sunniest of them all, and the best loved, broke into a strain of singing:

"The true home-land! I long to meet
Those who have gone before;
The weeping eyes and weary feet
Rest on that happy shore."

Mr. Stanley said, "Frank, you will make every boy cry with such tunes as that. Choose some heroic tune."

"All right, sir," he replied, with a bright face, and struck up—

"Brightly gleams our banner,
Pointing to the sky,
Waving wanderers onward
To their home on high."

"Ah, Frank," said Mr. Stanley, "it isn't the heavenward way you mean, is it? I should think you would prefer the homeward way."

"How do you like this, sir?

"'My God, my Father, while I stray
Far from my home, on life's rough way,
Oh, teach me from my heart to say,
Thy will be done.'"

"Frank, you are thinking too much of the poor fellows we have lately lost. Sing, my dear Frank, your best song."

He responded by singing—

"Onward, Christian soldiers,
Marching as to war,
With the cross of Jesus
Going on before."

Mr. Stanley adds, "I saw that he was in a serious and religious vein of mind, and refrained from disturbing him farther." "Youth's Companion."

"O PARADISE!"

JOSEPH BARNBY, 1838.

THE words of this hymn, beginning,

"O Paradise, O Paradise!
Who doth not crave for rest?
Who would not seek the happy land
Where they that loved are blest;
Where loyal hearts and true
Stand ever in the light,
All rapture through and through,
In God's most holy sight?"

were by F. W. Faber.

The author of the tune, Joseph Barnby, an English composer, born in York, 1838, an active worker in the advancement of musical art, has been connected with the leading musical movements of the time. One of the most popular writers of music, and a representative leader, he yet holds music to be a servant of religion, and maintains that its influence in helping the spiritual life is a first consideration. At the Church Congress in Bath, England, in 1873, he claimed that each church should secure for itself that style of music which is most in harmony with the culture and tastes of the people and best expresses and promotes true spiritual worship. On one point he well says, "But of all the errors the worst is perpetrated in the endeavor to draw a new congregation to a church, or to fill up the thinned ranks of a decreasing flock, by the exhibition of startling novelties, and what I should term a musical *tour de force.* The

evil of making the musical part of the service a means of counteracting the deficiencies of the rest, strikes at the very root of church morals. No one, I am sure, will suspect me of depreciating my art or of holding music in anything but the highest honor. But for that very reason I should wish music to occupy its rightful place, and no other; nor can I see aught but disadvantage and ultimate failure in the attempt to make the musical part of the church service more than an accessory, to be regulated by the precept that enjoins the doing of all things connected with public worship 'decently and in order.'"

ORTONVILLE.

DR. THOMAS HASTINGS, 1784–1872.

DR. THOMAS HASTINGS, the author of some six hundred hymns, and the compiler of many popular church music books, was also distinguished as a composer of hymn-tunes. He was born in 1784 at Washington, and gave his life to church music. In 1832, upon the invitation of twelve New York churches, he made his home in the city of New York. He lived to be nearly ninety years of age.

Dr. Hastings was the author of the popular tune "Zion" ("On the mountain-top appearing") and of one ("Toplady") of the several well known tunes of "Rock of Ages," also of numerous other sweet and popular tunes.



"O SACRED HEAD! NOW WOUNDED."

ARRANGED BY JOHANN SEBASTIAN BACH, 1685–1750.

THE music in A minor was adapted from a secular song by Hans Georg Hassler, 1564–1612. He was a German organist. It was harmonized by Johann Sebastian Bach in 1729, and introduced into the Passion music.

The original German hymn, "O Haupt voll Blut und Wunden," was written in 1659 by Paul Gerhardt, about whom a beautiful story is told in reference to his hymn of trust. (See "Story of the Hymns.") The story, like most legends of the kind, has been questioned, as it is claimed by a critic that Gerhardt was not out of favor with the court at the time when he wrote the hymn.

"O sacred Head! now wounded," was founded on the original Latin hymn of St. Bernard, "containing five verses of ten lines each, addressed '*ad faciem Christi in cruce pendentis*,' the best of Bernard's seven passion-hymns. 'This classical hymn has shown an imperishable vitality,' says Schaff ('Christ in Song'), 'in passing from the Latin to the German, and from the German into the English, and proclaiming in three tongues, and in the name of three confessions, with equal effect, the dying love of our Saviour and our boundless indebtedness to him.' Alexander's translation consists of ten eight-line verses.

"St. Bernard, the 'best and greatest man of his age,' who is distinguished as St. Bernard of Clair-

vaux, was born in Fontaine, Burgundy, in 1091. His father was a nobleman. He was educated at the University of Paris, and entered, at the age of twenty-two, the Cistercian monastery of Citeaux, in Burgundy. By means of the remarkable influence over others which afterwards so distinguished him, he induced his five brothers and several companions to enter the monastic life. At the age of twenty-five he was appointed abbot of a new monastery at Clairvaux, in Champagne. This position he continued to hold, though high preferment was repeatedly offered him. Kings and popes not seldom made him a court of appeal and yielded to his decisions. Six councils of the church are attributed to him. It was through his persuasion that the king of France undertook the crusade of the year 1146. Luther calls him 'the best monk that ever lived.' He was a great theologian, following Augustine in his doctrines. His works are numerous and varied in character. He died in 1153.

"Paul Gerhardt was born in Saxony in 1606. Studying during the time of the Thirty Years' War, he did not enter on his ministry till the war was at an end. His first pastorate was at Mittenwalde, whither he went in 1651. In 1657 he removed to St. Nicholas' Church, Berlin. There he became known as a hymn-writer, and published his first collection in 1666. As a preacher and pastor he was held in high honor. In 1666 he was deposed from his spiritual office because of his unyielding adherence to Lutheran doctrine. He also suffered severely from domes-

tic bereavement. In 1668 he became archdeacon in Lübben, Saxony, where he remained till his death in 1676. He left 123 hymns. In German sacred poetry of the older school Gerhardt ranks next to Luther. Schaff terms him 'the prince of German hymnists.' His hymns, which are the expression of a simple but sublime faith in God, combine simplicity with depth and force. His portrait, in the church of Lübben, bears the inscription, 'Theologus in cribro Satanæ versatus;' i. e., 'A divine sifted in Satan's sieve.'"

PALESTRINA.

GIOVANNI PALESTRINA, 1524–1594.

THERE is a spiritual beauty about the life of Palestrina that gives sympathy and color to his music, which was always written to help the aspirations of the soul. His life, like Dante's, was a case of moral recovery. He was born in Italy, about the year 1524. He became a famous composer of songs for the popular taste. "In former years," he once said, "I threw away my songs and poems on unholy and idolatrous love, and feel ashamed of it." He turned away his thoughts and aims from the gay world towards the spiritual life and its hopes and promises, and became the founder of the Italian school of religious music. He gave his genius wholly to the Latin Church and to religious themes. He became greatly honored by the dignitaries of the church and beloved in Rome and Italy.

The following account of his death and burial affords a picture of the fruits of his consecrated life:

"February 2, 1594. This morning died the most excellent musician, Signor Giovanni Palestrina, our dear companion, and *maestro di capella* of St. Peter's Church, where his funeral was attended, not only by all the musicians of Rome, but by an infinite concourse of people, when '*Libera me, Domine*,' was sung by the whole college."

No change of time shall ever shock
  My trust, O Lord, in thee;
For thou hast always been my Rock,
  A sure defence to me.

Thou my deliverer art, O God;
  My trust is in thy power:
Thou art my Shield from foes abroad,
  My Safeguard and my Tower.

Then let Jehovah be adored,
  On whom our hopes depend;
For who, except the mighty Lord,
  His people can defend?

PALM BRANCHES.

JEAN BATISTE FAURE, ABOUT 1844.

IN the early part of the present century an almost unknown boy was found drawing crowds around him in the streets of Paris by his marvellous voice. He found friends and received an education at the *Conservatoire.* His voice became more pure, sympathetic, and beautiful, and was greatly applauded wherever it

was heard. Every one said that there was a fortune in it, and the youth deemed himself the possessor of the key to wealth. In the midst of his early triumphs he lost his wonderful voice, and thought that the mission for which he had seemed destined was closed to him. Months passed, but his voice did not return, and he gave himself up to the study of instrumental music, a disappointed man. He longed for his voice and for his former influence again.

One day his thoughts turned to prayer. "Give me back my voice," he prayed, "and I will use it for charity and for good, and I will daily visit the church." His voice began to return, and he became the great church singer of Paris and the famous baritone of Europe. He never forgot his vow, but has given his voice to charity. He himself has written an ode to charity which has been sung in all lands; it is one of the most beautiful songs of the century.

The man whose history we have outlined is Jean Batiste Faure, the author of "Palm Branches," which the church numbers among its musical treasures.

PLEYEL'S HYMN.

IGNATIUS PLEYEL, 1757–1851.

ONE of the hymns most frequently sung to this tune is that beginning,

"Children of the heavenly King!"

PORTUGUESE HYMN.

SEE ADESTE FIDELES.

"PULL FOR THE SHORE."

P. P. BLISS, 1838–1876.

A POPULAR hymn on the sea. It was suggested by the following incident in "Things New and Old."

"We watched the wreck with great anxiety. The life-boat had been out some hours, but could not reach the vessel through the great breakers that raged and foamed on the sand-bank. The boat appeared to be leaving the crew to perish. But in a few minutes the captain and sixteen sailors were taken off, and the vessel went down.

"'When the life-boat came to you, did you expect it had brought some tools to repair your old ship?' I said.

"'Oh, no, she was a total wreck. Two of her masts were gone, and if we had stayed mending her only a few minutes, we must have gone down, sir.'

"'When once off the old wreck and safe in the life-boat, what remained for you to do?'

"'Nothing, sir, but just to pull for the shore.'"

"Therefore, if any man be in Christ, he is a new creature: old things are passed away; behold, all things are become new."

REDEMPTION HYMN.

J. C. D. PARKER, 1828.

JAMES C. D. PARKER was born in Boston, 1828, and graduated at Harvard College. He had an ardent love for music when young, but studied law. Subsequently, however, he returned to the profession for which he had early shown a preference. After studying at Leipzig he returned to Boston, and became the organist of Trinity Church. The "Redemption Hymn" was composed in 1877, and was first given by the Handel and Haydn Society.

"RESCUE THE PERISHING."

WILLIAM HOWARD DOANE. MUS. DOC. 1831.

DR. DOANE was born 1831. He is a Baptist, lives in one of the beautiful suburbs of Cincinnati, and has long been a contributor to the musical publications of Biglow & Main. His gospel hymn-tune "I love to tell the story" is universally known.

He has done some of his most successful work in association with "Fanny Crosby," the blind writer of gospel hymns, also a frequent contributor to the musical publications of Biglow & Main. It was he who suggested to her the hymn theme, "Safe in the arms of Jesus," and he wrote the music for it.

Mrs. Frances Jane (Crosby) Van Alstyne was born at South-East, N. Y., in 1823. At the age of six she

lost her sight through wrong medical treatment of a trouble with her eyes. She became an inmate of the New York Institution for the Blind and a teacher in the same institution.

She wrote many popular songs for Dr. George F. Root, among them "Hazel dell," "There's music in the air," and "Rosalie, the prairie flower," also words for cantatas. She has written some five thousand Sunday-school songs, some of which are very widely known. "Safe in the arms of Jesus" was written in some twenty minutes.

"Rescue the perishing" has become the favorite song of workers among the tempted and unschooled classes in all Christian lands.

A writer in the New York "Evangelist" gives the following interesting picture of Miss Crosby and her work:

Miss Crosby says of all the hymns she has written, "Safe in the arms of Jesus" is her favorite. To be

> "Safe in the arms of Jesus,
> Safe on his gentle breast,"

must be to her, as she tries to feel her way through the darkness and amid danger, a sweet protecting rest to look forward to. To many a sorrowing soul whose eye of faith has become dim by the mysterious going away of some loved one, has this hymn brought comfort and life. To feel that our loved ones are "safe in the arms of Jesus" is indeed a precious thought. Walking through a village cemetery a few months since, I heard some sweet voices singing that hymn.

It was beside a baby's new-made grave. Just as the young mother was turning away with tearful eyes from the resting-place of her little one, these sweet words burst upon her ear. Out of her own loving arms, but safe in the arms of Jesus. How many other hearts have found comfort in that assurance, and in the thought that by-and-by—

"There by his love o'ershaded,
Sweetly my soul shall rest."

You would naturally suppose that such a person must be very unhappy and gloomy, but Fanny Crosby is one of the most cheerful, happy persons in the world. When we saw her she was knitting an intricate piece of lace, which, on examination, was found not to have a misplaced stitch in it. Her fingers moved busily while she talked in a modest way of the talent God had given her, and what a comfort it had been to her that she had been enabled to write words that had helped other souls on to heaven. Her whole face was illumined with a light reflected from His face (so we thought) as she told us the story of "Rescue the perishing," and the satisfaction it gave her to know it had been the means of bringing many wandering ones home to God. In a mission meeting she attended one evening the hymn was sung, and at its close a young man arose and said that that hymn brought him to Jesus. Then he told of his wanderings, and how he had wasted his time and money in drink and those other vices that are sure to follow; but passing along the street one night without a cent

in his pocket, ragged, cold, and hungry, he heard some voices singing:

"Rescue the perishing,
Care for the dying,
Snatch them in pity
From sin and the grave."

He followed the sound of the voices until he came to a building where there was a mission meeting. He went in and sat down in the back seat and listened to the words of that hymn. "I was just ready to perish that night," he said, "but that hymn by the grace of God saved me." Loving hands ministered to him in Jesus' name after he had told them that he wanted to leave the evil life and become a good man. The workers for Christ "wept o'er the erring one, lifted the fallen, and told him of Jesus, the mighty to save."

When the young man finished his story he said that he had a great desire to meet the writer of that hymn and tell her what it had done for his soul. It was a singular coincidence that his wish was to be gratified that very night, and what a great joy must have filled the author's heart when she was led up to the speaker and could take his hand and say, "I wrote that hymn."

After a day's jostling through the city streets, guided by some loving hand, when Miss Crosby returns to her quiet room it is not strange that she pours forth her soul in song. It was at such times as those that she wrote

"All the way my Saviour leads me,"

"Saviour, more than life to me,
I am clinging close to thee,"

and

"Through this changing world below
Lead me gently as I go."

REST FOR THE WEARY.

REV. WM. MCDONALD.

THE music is by Rev. Wm. McDonald, of the "Christian Witness," and the author of the popular revival hymn "I am coming to the cross" ("I am trusting, Lord, in thee"). The author heard the refrain words, "There is rest for the weary," at a religious meeting in Portland, Me., and was inspired by them to write the tune. Finding a hymn by an unknown author (Rev. Mr. Harmer), he set it to this tune, with the refrain "There is rest for the weary." It was published as a leaflet, and some 300,000 copies were used. The author of the tune has heard it sung in most parts of the world and among the missions of India.

RETREAT.

DR. T. HASTINGS, 1784–1872.

OF all the innocent blood shed in the "Cawnpore Massacre" (1858) by the brutal Nana Sahib, none cried more loudly to heaven than that of the eight Christian missionaries and two little children who had fled for safety from Futtighur down the Ganges.

On the fifth day of their flight, after passing through fearful peril and even receiving bullet wounds from Sepoy enemies on the shore, the little party became wearied out by the difficulties of a shallow current, and moored their boats under an island six miles above their destination. There they learned to their horror that the English fort at Cawnpore, where they expected to find refuge, was surrounded by an army of traitors, and all hope of reaching their friends was cut off.

Soon after they were fired upon by a gang of Sepoy rebels, and driven from their boats to seek shelter on the island. The trees and the long grass concealed them, but only for a little while.

Distressed with heat and thirst and spent with continual alarm, they believed their last day had come, for they knew the bloodthirsty Sepoys would pursue them to the death. They could only look up to God for strength to meet their fate with martyr resignation. Earth was fading now, and heaven was near.

Who but the believer in Christ can understand what lifts the soul, in terror's supreme moment, above all the powers of them that kill the body? The oldest missionary read some passages from his pocket Bible, and then all joined in singing a hymn:

> From every stormy wind that blows,
> From every swelling tide of woes,
> There is a calm, a sure retreat;
> 'T is found beneath the mercy-seat.

Ah, whither could we flee for aid
When tempted, desolate, dismayed,
Or how the hosts of hell defeat,
Had suffering saints no mercy-seat?

There, there, on eagle wings we soar,
And sin and sense molest no more:
And heaven comes down our soul to greet,
While glory crowns the mercy-seat.

Then they spoke together of Jesus and the riches of his grace, and prayed to the dear Friend whom now they expected so soon to see. The party were at prayers when the Sepoys seized them and dragged them from their hiding-place. They were tied with cords and taken away to Nana Sahib, at Cawnpore.

One of the children, little Willie Campbell, asked in a frightened voice, "Pa, what are these men going to do with you and ma and sister and the rest of us?"

The innocent question made tears flow from the sufferers' eyes. They were confined over night in a dismal prison, and in the morning were marched out by Nana's orders to the parade-ground, the parents holding their children in their arms. The death-signal was given, and the martyrs fell, pierced with bullets from the Sepoys' muskets.

These missionaries were all Americans. They were Rev. Albert O. Johnson and wife, Rev. John E. Freeman and wife, David E. Campbell and wife, and their two little ones, Fannie and Willie, and Mr. and Mrs. McMullin. They died as their Master died, praying for their murderers. They were more to be

envied than those whose bloody hands set free their souls—

"on eagle wings to soar
Where sin and sense molest no more."

"Youth's Companion."

ROCK OF AGES.

SEE MAJESTY, TOPLADY, AND HASTINGS.

SAFE IN THE ARMS OF JESUS.

W. H. DOANE, 1831.

DR. DOANE says, "'Safe in the arms of Jesus' I wrote in the railway carriage while Thane Miller and myself were on our way from Cincinnati to Newark, N. J., to attend a national Sunday-school convention." The habit of composing hymn-tunes while travelling is not uncommon. The Wesleyan period is full of such examples.

"It was a singular tribute to the place that gospel music has taken in the hearts of the people that when that solemn array which attended the remains of Garfield from the eastern porch of the Capitol was descending the steps, it was not to the 'Dead March in Saul,' but to the melody, by the band, of

"'Safe in the arms of Jesus'

and

"'Sweet by-and-by.'

And the authors of such pieces can afford to let the great musical world laugh, if God has such uses for them in his kingdom." "Golden Rule."

SALVE REGINA: THE HYMN OF COLUMBUS.

THIS old Latin hymn, though it has no place in Protestant hymnology, has an historic interest in our country, because it was sung every evening by Columbus and the crew on his ship during the first voyage of discovery. It was the first Christmas song in the New World. The burden of it was an address to the Virgin Mary to save the exiles on the sea.

The Virgin was believed by mystical Catholics to be prophesied in the words, "And the gathering together of the waters called he seas"—Latin *maria.* Gen. 1:10. Hence poetic license and superstition made her the "star of the deep," and this tender figure became the favorite theme of the Genoese sailors. "Ave, Maris Stella" is commonly known as "the Columbus hymn," although it seems to have been a gradual growth.

"Gentle star of ocean,
Portal of the sky."

Mrs. Hemans' and Miss Browne's "Ave Sanctissima" is really an outgrowth of the hymn of the old Italian sailors. It is sometimes called "The Italian Girls' Hymn to the Virgin."

SCOTCH MINOR TUNES.

THE Scotch hymn-tunes and ballads best express a tender sadness and that retrospective love that soothes while it brings tears to the eyes. Among these hymn-tunes are "Dundee" (originated in music of Franck,

composer of "Old Hundred"), "Martyrs," and "Elgin."

"Perhaps 'Dundee's' wild warbling measures rise,
Or plaintive 'Martyrs,' worthy of the name,
Or noble 'Elgin' leads the heavenward flame,
The sweetest far of Scotia's holy lays."

The song "Ye banks and braes of Bonnie Doon" is often used as a hymn-tune, and "Auld Lang Syne," which see.

SEEKING TO SAVE.

P. P. BLISS, 1838–1876.

SUGGESTED to Mr. Bliss by Dr. Wordsworth, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, Mobile, Ala., upon the unity of the parables in Luke 15.

"SHALL WE GATHER AT THE RIVER?"

REV. ROBERT LOWRY, D. D.

IN response to a letter of inquiry Dr. Lowry writes in regard to his tunes:

"It is not so easy to find an inspiration for tunes as for hymns. The latter are likely to be the product of intellectual suggestion; the former, more vagrant and spontaneous, come often unbidden, and without being able to account for themselves. Nevertheless, tunes may owe their life to an occasion, a mood, a strain, a chord, a metrical line, and thus take their place in history. For instance, 'Shall we gather at the river?'

was the issue of a mood—words and music struggling together for birth, and so closely allied in twinship that the author never could tell which was born first."

He also furnishes us with the following article by another in regard to his popular tunes:

"Rev. Robert Lowry, D. D., was born in the city of Philadelphia, March 12, 1826. At the age of seventeen he joined the First Baptist Church of Philadelphia. In his Sunday-school, as pupil, afterwards as chorister and teacher, he very early manifested a zeal for religion. At the age of twenty-two he gave himself to the work of the Christian ministry, and entered upon a course of study at the University of Lewisburgh, Pa. At the age of twenty-eight he was graduated from this school with the highest honors of his class.

"In the same year he entered upon the full work of the ministry. He served as pastor at Westchester, Pa., 1854–58; in New York city, 1858–61; in Brooklyn, 1861–69; Lewisburgh, Pa., 1869–75. Since 1876 he has been pastor of Park Avenue Church, Plainfield, N. J. In each of these fields his work has been crowned with marked success. While pastor at Lewisburgh he was also professor of *Belles Lettres* in the university there. From this university he received the honorary degree of D. D. in 1875.

"While he has achieved distinguished success and stands eminent as a minister of the gospel, he is perhaps more widely known as a composer of music. He possesses marked genius in this latter direction, which

manifested itself very early. Before he was twenty-one years of age he wrote a number of songs, which were used on special occasions in the Sunday-school of which he was a member. At the first Commencement of his *Alma Mater* (1851), he wrote the 'Parting Song' for the graduating class—words and music—which was sung by the college choir.

"His musical genius has not remained inactive, though no special pains have been taken to secure its highest development and cultivation. In connection with his ministerial work he has ever been closely identified with the song service, drilling the Sunday-school, leading the prayer-meeting, writing an anthem for the choir, sometimes preparing an entire musical service for a set occasion. Many of his hymns were written after the Sunday evening service, when the body was weary with the day's labor and the mind refused to rest.

"'Shall we gather' came like an outburst. 'Coming by-and-by' sprang from the excitement attending a sermon he had just preached. 'Nothing but the blood of Jesus' was the echo of a deep religious feeling in his church. 'Linger no longer' was only repeating what he had said so often to inquirers. 'The world is moving on,' came to him in the agitation of a great reform movement. 'Oh, work while 't is day,' was written for a Young People's Association. 'A brighter day is breaking,' was suggested by the missionary outlook. 'Where is my boy to-night?' was the result of a tender conversation concerning homes

made desolate by the drink evil. A large number of hymns on the Advent and the Resurrection were inspired by the approach of the Christmas and Easter festivities.

"The hymns and music which are most popular with the public are the ones for which Mr. Lowry himself cares least. His favorite of all the pieces he has written is 'Weeping will not save me.' He regards it as being the most evangelical thing he ever wrote. We give it in full:

"Weeping will not save me—
Though my face were bathed in tears,
That could not allay my fears,
Could not wash the sins of years,
Weeping will not save me.

"Working will not save me—
Purest deeds that I can do,
Holiest thought and feeling too,
Cannot form my soul anew,
Working will not save me.

"Waiting will not save me—
Helpless, guilty, lost, I lie;
In my ear is mercy's cry;
If I wait I can but die—
Waiting will not save me.

"Faith in Christ will save me—
Let me trust thy weeping Son,
Trust the work that He has done;
To His arms, Lord, help me run—
Faith in Christ will save me.

CHORUS.

"Jesus wept and died for me;
Jesus suffered on the tree;
Jesus waits to make me free;
He alone can save me."

"'Shall we gather?' is, perhaps without question, the most widely popular of all his songs. Of this Mr. Lowry says, "It is brass-band music, has a march movement, and for that reason has become popular, though for myself I do not think much of it.' Yet he tells how on several occasions he has been deeply moved by the singing of that hymn.

"'Going from Harrisburgh to Lewisburgh once, I got into a car filled with half-drunken lumbermen. Suddenly one of them struck up, "Shall we gather at the river?" and they sang it over and over again, repeating the chorus in a wild, boisterous way. I did not think so much of the music then as I listened to those singers, but I did think that perhaps the spirit of the hymn, the words so flippantly uttered, might somehow survive, and be carried forward into the lives of those careless men, and ultimately lift them upward to the realization of the hope expressed in my hymn. A different appreciation of it was that evinced during the Robert Raikes centennial. I was in London, and had gone to a meeting in the Old Bailey to see some of the most famous Sunday-school workers in the world. They were present from Europe, Asia, and America. I sat in a rear seat alone. After there had been a number of addresses delivered in various languages, I was preparing to leave, when the chairman of the meeting announced that the author of "Shall we gather at the river?" was present, and I was requested by name to come forward. Men applauded and women waved their handkerchiefs as I went to the platform.

It was a tribute to the hymn; but I felt after it was over that I had perhaps done some little good in the world, and I felt more than ever content to die when God should call.'

"On 'Children's Day' in Brooklyn, in 1865, this song was sung by over 40,000 voices.

"We find in Mr. Lowry's songs the expression of earnest, deep devotion: we feel through them the throbs of a warm, tender heart. The spirit of his hymns draws us close to him and makes us feel akin. For what he is in himself we learn to love him. For what he has done for us through his songs in heightening our aspirations and quickening our joys we cherish a heartfelt gratitude.

"One expression from Mr. Lowry gives us the highest possible admiration of his character. He says, 'Music with me has been a side issue, an efflorescence, while preaching has been my fruitage. I had rather preach a gospel sermon to an appreciative, receptive congregation than write a hymn. I have always looked upon myself as a preacher, and I felt a sort of meanness when I began to be known as a composer.'

"This expression seems extraordinary. It is a great thing to write the hymns of a people—to be able to express the gospel in songs that will go all around the world and stir the hearts of millions. One of the most distinguished ministers of Virginia has said, 'I would rather be the author of that hymn, "Shall we gather?" than to be the preacher of all the sermons I have ever heard or ever delivered.' Mr. Lowry will

doubtless continue to preach the gospel in his hymns long after his sermons have been almost forgotten, and that, too, to thousands who have never known him as a preacher. But he esteems the preaching of the gospel the most exalted calling among men. He who has received this calling of God can wish for no nobler service, and faithfulness in this service secures the highest possible reward."

SHINING SHORE.

DR. GEORGE F. ROOT, 1820.

THE "Shining shore" originated in the following manner. One day in 1856 when Dr. Root was composing and compiling a music book at his old home, his mother came to him quietly and laid before him a newspaper, in the poetical column of which were the words of that hymn. "There are some words, George, that I would like you to set to music," she said. Dr. Root wrote the music, put it aside, and nearly forgot the circumstance. Some time afterward, needing or being asked for something for a new book, he recalled the circumstance and the music. He published it, and it flew over the world.

Dr. Root was born at Sheffield, Mass., 1820, the eldest of a family of eight children. His youth was spent on a farm, where his heart was filled with music. He went to Boston as a pupil and became a teacher there and the director of music in Winter

Street and Park Street churches. He afterwards, under the influence of Jacob Abbott, went to New York as a teacher, and there had charge of the music in Dr. Deems' Church of the Strangers. He studied a year in Europe, and in the summer of 1852 founded the Normal Musical Institute, New York, the faculty consisting of Dr. Thomas Hastings, Dr. Lowell Mason, Wm. B. Bradbury, and Dr. Root. His cantatas have been very popular, especially "The Haymakers," which is distinctively American, representing life in a hayfield on a summer day, and "Under the Palms," of which some 30,000 copies have been sold in London alone.

SICILY.

SEE GREENVILLE.

SILOAM.

I. B. WOODBURY, 1819–1858.

I. B. WOODBURY, author of the hymn-tune "Siloam," which has become a universal favorite, and also of the hymn-tunes "Rakem," "Eucharist," "Salena," "Tamar," and "Ozrem," belongs to the school of popular gospel musicians already referred to in connection with Dr. Doane (author of the tune "Safe in the arms of Jesus") and entered into their convention system of work.

He was born in Beverly, Mass., 1819. He was

apprenticed to a blacksmith in Boston, and musical inspiration came to him at the forge. He found his way to Europe, studied, returned to sing his life-songs, and died in the South at the early age of thirty-nine.

ST. ANDREW'S.

BARNBY, 1838. SEE "O PARADISE!"

ST. MARTIN'S.

WILLIAM TANSUR, 1699–1770.

THIS grand old tune, often sung at College Commencements to the words "Let children hear the mighty deeds which God performed of old," was written by William Tansur, who was born in England, in 1699, and died at about 1770. His son was a chorister in Trinity College, Cambridge, England.

SWEET BY-AND-BY.

J. P. WEBSTER, 1819–1875.

ONE of the most popular religious ballads ever written. The words are by S. F. Bennett, 1836. The music was written by Mr. Webster in 1868.

SWEET HOUR OF PRAYER.

W. B. BRADBURY, 1816–1868.



TALLIS' EVENING HYMN.

MUSIC BY THOMAS TALLIS, —1585. WORDS BY BISHOP KEN.

Glory to thee, my God, this night
For all the blessings of the light;
Keep me, oh, keep me, King of kings,
Beneath thine own almighty wings.

Be thou my guardian while I sleep,
Thy watchful station near me keep;
My heart with love celestial fill,
And guard me from th' approach of ill.

Teach me to live that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed:
Teach me to die, that so I may
Rise glorious at the judgment day.

IN "English Church Composers" we find the following account of the writer of this tune:

"The particulars of his early education are indefinite. He was a pupil of Thomas Mulliner, and fellow chorister of John Redford, of St. Paul's. It is supposed that as soon as his voice broke he was nominated organist at Waltham Abbey, but nothing certain is known beyond the fact that he held the place in 1540, when the last abbot, Thomas Fuller, surrendered to Henry VIII. He was appointed a Gentleman of the Chapel Royal about the year 1542, and served King Henry VIII., King Edward, Queen Mary, and Queen Elizabeth in that capacity, his stipend being sevenpence a day. On the strength of the title of the 'Cantiones Sacræ' he is said by some writers to have been organist to the Chapel to the first three of these sovereigns, but this could only have been in his

turn. The earliest lay organists appointed were 'Dr. Tye, W. Blitheman, Thomas Tallis, and William Byrde,' and none received such appointments until the reign of Elizabeth. It was anciently the custom, where an organ existed, for the instrument to be played by some ecclesiastic or by one of the musical members of the choir in rotation. There are many cathedrals and collegiate churches where organs are known to have existed, and provision has been made in their statutes for payment to organ-makers, as well as to those whose duty it appears to have been to blow the organs, when there is no mention of an organist as a distinct officer of the church. * * * *

"Among the other works of Tallis may be mentioned the collection of hymns and other compositions for the service of the church which he published in conjunction with his pupil, William Birde, in 1575. Each voice part was printed separately. It is upon the statement here made that Tallis is described by some writers as organist to the four sovereigns; he was so only to one, Queen Elizabeth. This work was the first printed and published by Thomas Vautrollier, under a special patent granted by the queen. The terms of the document, and the privileges it conferred, show the high estimation in which the patentees were held.

"It would be an easier task to collect the titles of the books printed under this patent than to give a list of the compositions of Tallis for the church. St. Paul's Cathedral was at one time well supplied with

copies of his anthems. The Rev. James Clifford, Minor Canon of St. Paul's in the reigns of Charles I. and II., in his book of the words of 'The Divine Services and Anthems usually sung in the Cathedrals and Collegiate Choires in the Church of England,' 1663, the first collection of the kind ever made, gives a list of ten, of which perfect copies of two only are now in existence, namely, 'I call and cry,' and 'Hear the voice and prayer,' and there were several printed in Barnard's collection, 1641, with the music. All these motets or anthems were originally written to Latin words, and it is not known for certain whether he or some one else adapted them to English words for the altered service. In the shifting times immediately following the Reformation, when the law alternately permitted the use of Latin and English in the worship of the church, a series of services and anthems which could be sung in either tongue was useful and necessary, and both Tallis and his pupil Birde wrote after this manner, without apparently any strain of conscience. It is supposed that Tallis, though outwardly conforming to the changes made from time to time, retained his ancient convictions, as well as his position and influence at court; and, although particulars of his life are scanty and uncertain, it is stated that he was in attendance upon Queen Elizabeth at her palace at Greenwich when he died, at about seventy years of age, for he was buried in the old parish church there in November, 1585. Strype, who wrote a continuation of Stowe's 'Survey of London,' pub-

lished in 1720, gives the epitaph which he found engraved upon a brass plate in ancient Gothic letters in the chancel.

"Enterred here doth ly a worthy wyght,
Who for long time in musick bore the bell:
His name to shew was Thomas Tallis hyght;
In honest vertuous lyff he dyd excell.

"He served long tyme in chappel with grete prayse,
Fower sovereygnes reignes, (a thing not often seene;)
I mean King Henry and Prince Edward's dayes,
Quene Marie, and Elizabeth our quene.

"He maryed was, though children he had none,
And lyv'd in love full three and thirty yeres
With loyal spowse, whose name yclept was Jone,
Who, here entombed, him company now bears.

"As he dyd lyve, so also dyd he dy,
In myld and quyet sort, O happy man!
To God ful oft for mercy did he cry;
Wherefore he lyves, let Deth do what he can."

"*TE DEUM LAUDAMUS.*"

SEE OLMUTZ, AND STORY OF THE HYMNS.

SINCE the morning when Peter and John looked into the empty sepulchre there has perhaps been no Easter so noteworthy as that of A. D. 387.

Then Ambrose, the great bishop of Milan, baptized Augustine, the greatest theologian of the Christian Church.

Augustine was born in North Africa, A. D. 354. His father was a pagan and poor. Monica, his Christian mother, impressed on his childhood the prin-

ciples of Christianity. He neglected them, forsook them, but they were never effaced.

Such were his talents that, having graduated when nineteen from the University of Carthage, he became at once a popular teacher of rhetoric.

Neither as a boy nor as a young man was Augustine chaste. He gave rein to his passions and to his ambition. He laid aside the sacred Scriptures; they were too simple in matter and style for the professor of rhetoric, and he became a disciple of the heretical sect of the Manicheans, who taught that matter and evil were independent of God.

Monica wept over her brilliant but apostate son. "Let him alone," said a pious priest, "and he will come out of it himself. It is not possible that the child of these tears should perish." The words proved prophetic.

At length Augustine abandoned Carthage for Rome. The Government sent him to teach rhetoric in Milan. There he met Ambrose, who years before, while governor of the city, had been made its bishop.

The people had met in the Basilica to choose a successor to their dead bishop. A division arose, and Ambrose, fearing a riot, entered the church to allay the storm. While he was speaking a child cried out, "Let Ambrose be bishop!" "Amen! Amen!" shouted the people. Reluctantly he submitted to the people's choice, laid aside his patrician robes, distributed his property among the poor, and became Milan's chief pastor.

The eloquence of Ambrose at first attracted Augustine. "How eloquently he speaks!" was his first thought. Then as the bishop's arguments removed Augustine's objections to Christianity, he said, "How truly he speaks!"

But the moral obstacle to his reception of the doctrines of Christ remained. He would not give up his life of sinful pleasure. His wretched prayer was, "Give me purity and temperance—*only not yet.*"

Walking in the garden one day in tears, he threw himself at the foot of a fig-tree. "Why not now?" he moaned. "Why not at this hour make an end of my waywardness and disobedience?"

Suddenly he heard from a neighboring house the voice of a child chanting, "*Take up and read.*"

He had left a roll of the New Testament in an arbor. Rising, he sought the roll, opened it, and his eyes fell on these words:

"Not in rioting and drunkenness, not in chambering and wantonness, not in strife and envying: but put ye on the Lord Jesus Christ, and make not provision for the flesh, to fulfil the lusts thereof." Rom. 13: 13, 14.

He had no need to read a word more. A light of serenity was infused into his heart. The darkness of doubt vanished. He sought his mother. Her heart leaped for joy as she listened to the story of the prodigal's return. The child of many tears had at last come to himself and to his Father's house.

Augustine determined to devote his life to the ser-

vice of God. He abandoned his lucrative profession and prepared for baptism.

Ambrose received the young disciple with open arms, and on Easter eve, A. D. 387, baptized him in the presence of a vast throng that crowded the Basilica of Milan.

Tradition says that the bishop, seeing with a prophet's eye that all Christendom would to the end of time be influenced by that baptism, chanted with upraised hands and in the exultation of rapture:

"We praise thee, O God; we acknowledge thee to be the Lord.
"All the earth doth worship thee, the Father everlasting."

He paused; from the baptized disciple came back the response:

"To thee all angels cry aloud, the heavens and all the powers therein.
"To thee cherubim and seraphim continually do cry,
"Holy, holy, holy, Lord God of Sabaoth;
"Heaven and earth are full of the majesty of thy glory."

On that day, says the legend, the *Te Deum Laudamus* sprang from the inspired lips of Ambrose and Augustine. The legend at least seized the poetry of the great event. Ambrose did compose the *Te Deum.* Its first public chanting may have been associated with the baptism of him whom the whole church reveres.

The great theologian wrote volumes, but the keynote of his theology is the famous sentence in the "Confessions"—

"Thou madest us for thyself, and our heart is restless till it rests in thee." "Youth's Companion."

"TELL ME THE OLD, OLD STORY."

W. H. DOANE, 1831.

DR. DOANE thus tells the story of this popular gospel song:

"I want to tell you now about my little favorite, 'Tell me the old, old story.' I did not write the words, and there are very few persons who know how they originally came into my possession or by whom they were written. They were produced by Miss Kate Hankey, an English lady of distinction. In 1867 I was attending the international meeting of the Y. M. C. A. at Montreal. Among those present was Major-General Russell, then in command of the English forces during the Fenian excitement. He arose in the meeting and read the words of the song from a sheet of foolscap paper, the tears streaming down his bronzed cheeks as he read. I was much impressed, and immediately requested the privilege of making a copy. He gave me the copy from which he had read. I wrote the music for the song while on the stage-coach, one hot summer afternoon, between the Glenn Falls House and the Crawford House in the White Mountains. That evening we sang it in the parlors of the hotel, and thought it pretty, though we scarcely anticipated the popularity which was subsequently accorded it. It was afterwards published in sheet form in Cincinnati." Miss Hankey was the daughter of an English banker.

THE BETTER LAND.

THE music was composed by Mrs. Arkwright, sister of Mrs. Hemans. The words are by Mrs. Hemans.

"THE BREAKING WAVES DASHED HIGH."

THE music was written by Miss Browne, sister of Mrs. Hemans, afterward Mrs. Arkwright. Moscheles, on visiting Sir Walter Scott, promised the latter that "he would find a publisher for some pretty songs set to music by a Miss Browne, with words by her sister, Felicia Hemans." This was one of the songs.

"THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD IS JESUS."

P. P. BLISS, 1838–1876.

WRITTEN in the summer of 1875 at Mr. Bliss' home, 664 West Monroe St., Chicago. The words and music came to him simultaneously.

THE MESSENGER BIRD.

THE joint production of Mrs. Hemans and Mrs. Arkwright. These sisters composed a number of songs and music together, the most famous of which still live. This song begins,

"Thou art come from the spirit land, sweet bird."

"THERE IS A HAPPY LAND."

AN EAST INDIAN AIR.

THE writer of the religious song "There is a happy land, far, far away" is still alive (1889), a man eighty years of age, vigorous in mind and body, and having all that sympathy for children without which it is impossible to influence the little ones for good. It is about fifty years ago since these words were written to the music of an Indian air, and they have since been translated into nineteen languages. The verses are such as, to use Beaconsfield's words, "touch the heart of nations and appeal to the domestic sentiments of mankind." Yet the writer who shot this arrow into the air has been forgotten even where he was ever known. Mr. Andrew Young, now after nearly fifty-one years, may find this song in the hearts of a million friends. It has been said to draw tears even from the eyes of one who has been called a cynic, that man of the world, Thackeray. He once stopped in the street to hear it sung by a group of ragged children, and never afterward forgot it or alluded without emotion to the impression that it made upon him.

TOPLADY.

DR. THOMAS HASTINGS, 1784–1872.

COMPOSED for the hymn "Rock of Ages," and named for its author.

WEBB.

DR. ROOT in his "Recollections," published in the "Musical Visitor," gives the following pleasing picture of the famous author of the tune "The morning light is breaking," who was a musical teacher in Boston:

"I was glad enough, however, to take lessons of Geo. James Webb, the best vocal teacher in Boston, an elegant organist, an accomplished musician, and a model Christian gentleman. He received me with great kindness, and after trying my voice in various ways, gave me some exercises to work upon. At my next lesson, after I had sung what he had given me to practise, he looked up with an expression of pleased surprise and said, 'Well, Mr. Root, I believe you *will* learn to sing.' I replied, 'Of course; that is what I fully intend to do.' 'Ah, but,' he responded, 'at your first lesson I thought it extremely doubtful whether it would be worth your while to try.' Of course he had reference to solo singing, and not to joining in a chorus, which I could then do fairly well. My lessons went on with him for months—a year, perhaps—and I came not only to delight in them, but in the friendly atmosphere of his pleasant home."

"WELCOME, HAPPY MORNING!"

J. BAPTISTE CALKIN, 1827.

THIS is the old processional hymn of the Latin Church for Easter. Jerome of Prague sang it at the

stake. It was translated by Cranmer, who sent it to Henry VIII. The present music is by John Baptiste Calkin, born in London, 1827; he was an organist and composer.

WELLESLEY.

LIZZIE S. TOURJÉE.

THIS tune, which has found a place in many recent collections, was composed by Miss Lizzie S. Tourjée, a daughter of Dr. E. Tourjée, Director of the New England Conservatory of Music. She was a member of the Newton High School when it was written. A graduates' hymn had been written, and Miss Tourjée had been asked to set it to music. Returning home from school she took the hymn to her father, saying that she did not know how to compose appropriate music for it. "Sit down to the piano," said her father, "and put the words before you and try." She did so, when the tune, named by her father "Wellesley," and published by him in the "Tribute of Praise," came floating into her mind and found expression on the keys.

"WE'RE GOING HOME TO-MORROW."

P. P. BLISS, 1838–1876.

THE words are by "Paulina," supposed to be Mrs. Bliss, but really Mrs. Griswold, of Chicago. Mrs. Griswold was a friend of the gospel singers, and especially of Dr. Root and Mr. Bliss. She wrote the

hymns, "I will love Jesus," "Hold fast till I come," and "Who is on the Lord's side?"

This song is interesting from the tradition that it was sung by Mr. and Mrs. Bliss when perishing amid the wreck of the train at Ashtabula.

"WE SHALL MEET BEYOND THE RIVER."

HUBERT P. MAIN.

THE words were written by Rev. John Atkinson, D. D., in 1867, soon after the death of his mother. He had been engaged in revival work, and one night in his study "that song in substance seemed," he says, "to sing itself into my heart." He said to himself, "I would better write it down, or I shall lose it."

"There," he adds, "in the silence of my study, and not far from midnight, I wrote the hymn."

"WHAT SHALL THE HARVEST BE?"

P. P. BLISS, 1838–1876.

ONE night a man, staggering through the streets of Chicago, noticed the people entering a large, lighted building. Ignorant that it was the Tabernacle, where Messrs. Moody and Sankey were holding religious meetings, he staggered in and sat down near one of the posts which supported the roof.

In a sort of drunken stupor he leaned his head against the post. Something roused him. The happy

faces of the people disturbed him. "This is no place for me," he said to himself, and arose to go out.

Just then Mr. Moody gave out the hymn, "What shall the harvest be?" The first strains arrested the man's attention. He sat down and listened. With a thrill of emotion he heard the lines,

"Sowing the seed of a tarnished name,
Sowing the seed of eternal shame."

"That's me," he said to himself. "That's what I have been doing, 'sowing the seed of a tarnished name.' My name is gone, and now I am 'sowing the seed of eternal shame!'"

He was so disturbed that as soon as the singing ended he went out, determined to drown out those convicting lines with rum. He entered a saloon, called for a drink, raised the glass to his lips, and set it down untasted.

"As I attempted to drink," he said, when subsequently he told his story, "I could see written on the walls of the bar-room, 'What shall the harvest be?'"

He sought his home. In the darkness, as he tossed to and fro on his bed, he saw on the walls of the bedroom, "What shall the harvest be?"

The next day found him in the Tabernacle again, with that solemn question ringing in his ears. A Christian gentleman addressed him and heard his pathetic story. They prayed together, and the trembling drunkard listened to the good news that even he might be saved from the "eternal shame."

He believed, he entered upon the right way, and walked therein. The staggering drunkard stood firmly on his feet, a reformed, Christian man.

One day just before Mr. Sankey—from whose narrative we have condensed this story—left the city, the man came to him. "Here is a letter," he said, "I want to read you. It is from my little girl. My wife and I have been separated; for eight years I have not seen them."

Then with tears he read, "Papa, I knew that you would come back to us some time. I knew that the Lord would find you, for I have been praying for you all these years." "Youth's Companion."

"WHEN JESUS COMES."

P. P. BLISS, 1838–1876.

IN regard to this highly spiritual hymn, J. S. Ellsworth, of the family of Mr. Bliss, writes to us:

"I do not think I exaggerate when I say that the hymns and tunes all came from intimate communion with God through his Word and by prayer. None of the immediate family can ever forget the light of heaven irradiating his noble features as he sat down to the organ to sing one of his hymns, written while alone with God. At such times he would often call in members of the family to sing and rejoice with him over what God had given.

"You ask particularly concerning the hymn-music 'When Jesus comes.' It was written in Peoria, Illi-

nois, in 1872, and was suggested by a conversation on the subject of our Lord's return—a subject near to his heart. A short time after this conversation he was coming down stairs from his room, his mind deeply impressed by the subject. Spontaneously the words and music came to him, and as he descended the stairs he sang them and at once wrote them down."

"WHEN, MARSHALLED ON THE NIGHTLY PLAIN."

AIR "BONNIE DOON." JAMES MILLER. WORDS BY HENRY KIRKE WHITE.

BURNS writes: "'Ye banks and braes o' Bonnie Doon' might, I think, find a place"—in a collection.

"Do you know the history of the air? It is curious enough. A good many years ago Mr. James Miller, writer in your own town, was in company with our friend Clarke, and talking of Scottish airs. Miller expressed an ardent ambition to be able to compose a Scottish air. Mr. Clarke, partly by way of a joke, told him to keep to the black keys of the harpsichord and preserve some sort of a rhythm, and he would infallibly compose a Scottish air. In a few days Miller produced the rudiments of this air."

"WHOSOEVER WILL."

P. P. BLISS, 1838–1876.

"WHOSOEVER will may come" was written during the winter of 1869 and '70, after hearing Henry

Moorhouse, of England, preach from the text, "God so loved the world that he gave his only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life," John 3:16. Mr. Moorhouse preached every night for a week from this same text, and the new views of the freeness and fulness of the invitation of the gospel to sinners that many Christians in Chicago at that time received are well expressed in Mr. Bliss' hymn:

"WHOSOEVER WILL."

"Whosoever heareth," shout, shout the sound,
Send the blessed tidings all the world around;
Spread the joyful news wherever man is found,
"Whosoever will may come."

CHORUS.

"Whosoever will, whosoever will,"
Send the proclamation over vale and hill;
'T is a loving Father calls the wand'rer home,
"Whosoever will may come."

Memoir of P. P. Bliss.

Missionary Praise Service.

THE MISSIONARY PRAISE SERVICE.

THE music for missionary meetings and praise service is not extensive, but much of it is very spiritual and beautiful. The "Missionary Hymn," by Heber and Lowell Mason, is well known and is always inspiring. An old collection of music called the "American Vocalist" contained much missionary music that met the wants of the work, among the pieces being the "Missionary's Farewell," "The faithful Sentinel," and Washburn's beautiful hymn, "The burial of Mrs. Judson."

For the use of the choir no better missionary hymn and tune are found than Lowell Mason's "Watchman, tell us of the night." It has the form of dialogue, and the impression is spiritual, hopeful, and inspiring. It gives the right spirit and tone to the opening of the missionary meeting.

"*YES, MY NATIVE LAND, I LOVE THEE.*"

THIS beautiful hymn, written by S. F. Smith many years ago, on the departure of missionaries, deserves to live and to be often used. It breathes the spirit of consecration and self-sacrifice.

Yes, my native land! I love thee;
All thy scenes, I love them well;
Friends, connections, happy country.
Can I bid you all farewell?
Can I leave you,
Far in heathen lands to dwell?

Yes, I hasten from you gladly,
From the scenes I loved so well:
Far away, ye billows, bear me;
Lovely native land, farewell!
Pleased, I leave thee,
Far in heathen lands to dwell.

In the desert let me labor,
On the mountains let me tell
How He died—the blessed Saviour—
To redeem a world from hell!
Let me hasten
Far in heathen lands to dwell.

Bear me on, thou restless ocean,
Let the winds my canvas swell;
Heaves my heart with warm emotion
While I go far hence to dwell.
Glad I bid thee,
Native land, farewell, farewell!

It is usually sung to "Rousseau's Dream" ("Greenville"), of which mention has already been made.

Some fifty years ago there took place in a rural town in New York a simple service that touched the hearts of all who witnessed it. It had reference to the departure of a missionary for Oregon. The missionary was a young lady, greatly beloved in the town of her residence.

She was a member of the choir. A hymn then familiar was given out by the minister, beginning,

"Yes, my native land, I love thee."

As it was being sung many of the singers were deeply affected, and one by one ceased to sustain the simple

melody. The young missionary found herself at last singing nearly or quite alone:

"Scenes of sacred peace and pleasure,
Holy days and Sabbath bell,
Richest, brightest, purest treasure,
Glad I bid you all farewell."

Years afterwards this incident was distinctly recalled when it was announced that the woman's influence as the wife of the pioneer missionary had much contributed in bringing to the United States a territory larger in extent than Great Britain and Ireland and nearly four times as large as New England. This vast region is now known as Oregon, Washington, and Idaho.

In the spring of 1836 two newly married missionaries and their wives began a bridal tour from New York to Walla-Walla, a distance of thirty-five hundred miles. The expedition is now famous in history as Whitman and Spaulding's, after the names of the two clergymen who with their wives then started on horseback for the Rocky Mountains and the regions beyond.

They passed Cincinnati—a village; Pittsburgh—a simple backwoods town. Chicago had not yet heard the whistle of the locomotive. They arrived at Council Bluffs; then they began to ascend the mountain stairs of the grand divide of the waters of the continent.

In this sublime journey into the regions of nature's most stupendous monuments the health of Mrs. Spaulding failed. "Do not put me on the horse again,"

she said one morning. "Leave me here, and save yourselves for the great work. Tell mother that I am glad I came."

But her strength revived, and she went on. Twenty-five hundred miles from home the party looked down upon the Pacific slope and beheld a new empire.

It was a July day under a blazing sun. The crowns of mountains filled the air around them. Before them lay the vast and mysterious rivers of the Platte, Yellowstone, and Columbia, with their luxuriant valleys.

The missionaries rested. "Let us have a season of devotion," said their leader.

They lifted the American flag in the clear air. They then laid a Bible beneath it on the ground, and opened it. Then they knelt under the flag and around the open Bible and took formal possession of the western side of the continent for the Christian church.

Our history has few pictures that are more poetic. It was like Balboa at Panama or La Salle on the Mississippi.

ZINZENDORF'S MISSIONARY HYMN.

SEE ZINZENDORF, IN "STORY OF THE HYMNS."

THIS is sung to several long metre tunes, among them Lowell Mason's "Hebron" and "Ashwell," and the "Doxology" attributed to John Huss.

The words were written on Zinzendorf's return voyage from his first missionary work in America in the Antilles.

The following is John Wesley's translation of the hymn:

Jesus, thy blood and righteousness
My beauty are, my glorious dress!
'Mid flaming worlds, in these arrayed,
With joy shall I lift up my head.

Bold shall I stand in thy great day,
For who aught to my charge shall lay?
Fully absolved through these I am
From sin and fear, from guilt and shame.

The holy, meek, unspotted Lamb,
Who from the Father's bosom came,
Who died for me, even me, to atone,
Now for my Lord and God I own.

Lord, I believe thy precious blood,
Which at the mercy-seat of God
For ever doth for sinners plead,
For me—e'en for my soul—was shed.

Lord, I believe were sinners more
Than sands upon the ocean shore,
Thou hast for all a ransom paid,
For all a full atonement made.

When from the dust of death I rise
To claim my mansion in the skies,
E'en then this shall be all my plea:
Jesus hath lived, hath died, for me.

Thus Abraham, the Friend of God,
Thus all heaven's armies bought with blood,
Saviour of sinners thee proclaim—
Sinners, of whom the chief I am.

Jesus, be endless praise to thee,
Whose boundless mercy hath for me,
For me, and all thy hands have made,
An everlasting ransom paid.

Ah! give to all thy servants, Lord,
With power to speak thy gracious word,
That all who to thy wounds will flee
May find eternal life in thee.

Thou God of power, thou God of love,
Let the whole world thy mercy prove!
Now let thy word o'er all prevail;
Now take the spoils of death and hell.

Says Zinzendorf in reference to his missionary journeys:

"That place becomes our home where the most can be done for the Saviour at the time."

"I have no plan; I follow Christ from year to year; I seek out as many of the heathen as I can; I love the pulpit, and I have labored to unite all the children of God who do not dwell together."

DOXOLOGY OF JOHN HUSS.

JOHN HUSS, burned alive at Constance in 1415, died singing amid the flames, after praying thus: "Assist me, that with a firm mind, by thy most powerful grace, I may undergo this most awful death to which I am condemned for preaching thy most holy gospel."

The English processional music—"Miles Lane"—to

"All hail the power of Jesus' name,"

well serves the missionary concert.

Christmas Carols.

CHRISTMAS CAROLS.

MOST churches and Sunday-schools seek for the best Christmas carols on the approach of the season that celebrates the Nativity. What are the best Christmas carols for Christmas eve, for the Christmas concert, or for the use of the choir? What collection of carols would make a devout and inspiring service of song? A special charm, in this retrospective service, endears to us the words and music which have expressed the worship of past ages, and are thus hallowed by sacred associations. We mention a few such.

ADESTE FIDELES, OR PORTUGUESE HYMN.

Oh, come, all ye faithful,
Joyful and triumphant,
Come ye, oh, come ye to Bethlehem!
Come and adore him,
Born the King of angels!
Oh, hasten to adore him,
Oh, hasten to adore him,
Oh, hasten to adore him,
Christ our Lord!

Sing, choirs of angels,
Sing in exultation!
Come, all ye citizens of heaven, rejoice!
Glory to God be,
Glory in the highest!
Oh, hasten to adore him,
Oh, hasten to adore him,
Oh, hasten to adore him,
Christ, our Lord!

"SILENT NIGHT! HOLY NIGHT!"

J. M. HAYDN, 1737–1808.

THE following, with its music, forms one of the most beautiful carols ever written. It is a translation of an old German Christmas song.

Silent night! Holy night!
All is calm, all is bright:
Round yon virgin mother and child,
Holy infant so tender and mild,
Falls a heavenly peace,
Falls a heavenly peace.

Silent night! Holy night!
Shepherds quake at the sight;
Glories stream from heaven afar,
Heavenly hosts sing alleluia!
Christ the Saviour is born,
Christ the Saviour is born.

Silent night! Holy night!
Son of God, love's pure light
Radiant beams from thy holy face,
With the dawn of redeeming grace,
Jesus, Lord, at thy birth,
Jesus, Lord, at thy birth.

THE ENDLESS HALLELUJAH!

JOSEPH BARNBY, 1838. WORDS BY REV. J. ELLERTON.

Sing Hallelujah forth in duteous praise,
O citizens of heaven, and sweetly raise
An endless Hallelujah.

Ye next, who stand before the Eternal Light,
In hymning choirs reëcho to the height
An endless Hallelujah.



The Holy City shall take up your strain,
And with glad songs resounding wake again
An endless Hallelujah.

In blissful antiphons ye thus rejoice
To render to the Lord with thankful voice
An endless Hallelujah.

Ye who have gained at length your palms in bliss,
Victorious ones, your chant shall still be this,
An endless Hallelujah.

There, in one grand acclaim, for ever ring
The strains which tell the honor of your King,
An endless Hallelujah.

This is the rest for weary ones brought back;
This is the food and drink which none shall lack,
An endless Hallelujah;

While thee, by whom were all things made, we praise
For ever, and tell out in sweetest lays
An endless Hallelujah.

Almighty Christ, to thee our voices sing
Glory for evermore; to thee we bring
An endless Hallelujah. Amen.

BALL.

W. B. BRADBURY, 1816–1868.

THIS tune has been frequently sung in Wellesley College chapel.

The words,

"When verdure clothes the fertile vale,"

are by Rev. Edmund Hamilton Sears, born 1810.

This hymn and tune are among the best Christmas compositions of recent years.

LUTHER'S SONG.

SUNG IN THE STREETS WHEN A BOY.

Foxes to their holes have gone,
Every bird into its nest;
But I wander here alone,
And for me there is no rest;
Yet I neither faint nor fear,
For the Saviour Christ is near.

If I live he 'll near me be,
If I die, to him I 'll go:
He 'll not leave me, I will trust him,
And my heart no fear shall know.
Sin and sorrow I defy,
For on Jesus I rely.

FOLSOM.

J. C. W. A. MOZART, 1756–1791.

Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness and lend us thine aid.
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

Bishop Reginald Heber.

MOZART.

J. C. W. A. MOZART.

Hark! the herald angels sing,
"Glory to the new-born King!
Peace on earth and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconciled!"

Charles Wesley, 1739.

ANTIOCH.

GEO. FR. HANDEL. ARRANGED BY LOWELL MASON.

Joy to the world, the Lord is come!
Let earth receive her King,
Let every heart prepare him room,
And heaven and nature sing.

Isaac Watts.

CHRISTMAS.

HANDEL, 1684-1759.

While shepherds watched their flocks by night,
All seated on the ground,
The angel of the Lord came down,
And glory shone around.

Tate and Brady.

LATIN CHURCH CHILDREN'S CAROL.

Angels we have heard on high,
Sweetly singing o'er the plains,
And the mountains in reply
Echo back their joyous strains.

Shepherds, why this jubilee?
Why your rapturous strains prolong?
Say, what may the tidings be
Which inspire your heavenly song?

Come to Bethlehem, come and see
Him whose birth the angels sing;
Come adore on bended knee
The infant Christ, the new-born King.

See within a manger laid
Jesus, Lord of heaven and earth;
Mary, Joseph, lend your aid,
With us sing our Saviour's birth.

Gloria in excelsis Deo,
Gloria in excelsis Deo.

ATHENS.

FELICE GIARDINI, 1716-1796. WORDS BY EDMUND H. SEARS.

IT came upon the midnight clear,
That glorious song of old,
From angels bending near the earth
To touch their harps of gold:
"Peace on the earth, good-will to men
From heaven's all-gracious King!"
The world in solemn stillness lay
To hear the angels sing.

GEORGE MOORE'S CHRISTMAS.

GEORGE MOORE, the eminent English philanthropist, who recently died, began life in extreme poverty. His biographer gives a pitiful account of his crying in the streets of London because he had no friends and could not find work.

His middle life was passed in well-earned affluence, and his last years were spent in the grand old castle of the ancient Percys, which he had gazed upon in awe in boyhood, and which his great wealth at last enabled him to purchase for a home.

He was exposed to great temptations in youth, but when he came to feel that the tendency of his life was wrong in any direction, he arrested the wrong course by prompt decision. It was these decisions, these constant turnings from evil courses into life's best ways, that led him at last to a career of worldly success, piety, and philanthropy.

He thus describes one of the dangerous periods of his first apprenticeship:

"My master gave way to drinking and set before me a bad example. I lodged in the public house nearly all the time, and saw nothing but wickedness and drinking. I played cards almost every night—sometimes the whole night through. Gambling was my passion, and it might have been my ruin."

It was Christmas morning. The apprentice lad had spent the night at the card-table. He had retired long after midnight, with a conscience ill at ease and the prospect of dismissal from his master's service before him.

Suddenly his ear was arrested by strains of music. The gray light was breaking, and the waits, as is the custom in England, were abroad playing carols. The music brought before his mind, like a vision, his old home, the future dangers of his present course, and, in contrast with his own eclipsed life, the luminous Bethlehem story.

"Better thoughts," he says, "came over me with the sweet carols. I felt overwhelmed with remorse and penitence. I thought of my dear father, and feared that I might break his heart and bring his gray hairs in sorrow to the grave. I resolved to give up card-playing and gambling. This resolve, by the grace of God, I have firmly carried out."

Many years passed, and George Moore's life became an expression of gratitude to God for the grace that had been given him at these critical periods of youth. "George Moore's Christmases" of charities to the poor became a famous feature of London.

CHRISTMAS DOXOLOGY.

PILESGROVE. JOHN STICKNEY, 1742–1826.

THE music and words of the following carol, a version from Luther, are among the most beautiful in modern psalmody:

All praise to thee, eternal Lord,
Clothed in a garb of flesh and blood;
Choosing a manger for thy throne,
While worlds on worlds are thine alone.

Once did the skies before thee bow;
A virgin's arms contain thee now;
Angels who did in thee rejoice
Now listen for thine infant voice.

Thou comest in the darksome night
To make us children of the light,
To make us in the realms divine
Like thine own angels round thee shine.

All this for us thy love hath done;
By this to thee our love is won;
For this we tune our cheerful lays
And shout our thanks in ceaseless praise.

Old Revival Melodies.

OLD REVIVAL MELODIES.

WITH the popular so-called Old Folks' Concerts this book has nothing to do, as that kind of entertainment is not within its purpose. But many churches like from time to time to revive the old tunes at their Praise Services; such tunes recall sacred scenes and associations and bring back memories of the sweetest religious experiences.

Some of the old tunes that are now almost wholly omitted from collections were very spiritual. Among them the following:

UNION HYMN.

WILLIAM BILLINGS, 1746–1800.

From whence doth this union arise,
That hatred is conquered by love?
It fastens our souls in such ties
As nature and time can't remove.

THE words of the above hymn were written by Thomas Baldwin, D. D., 1753–1825. It was composed during a night journey from Newport, N. H., to Canaan, N. H. There had been trouble in the church at Newport, and his visit had restored brotherly love.

LOVING-KINDNESS.

WILLIAM CALDWELL, TENN., 1830.

Awake, my soul, to joyful lays,
And sing thy great Redeemer's praise;

He justly claims a song from me:
His loving-kindness, oh, how free!
Loving-kindness, loving-kindness,
His loving-kindness, oh, how free!

The words are by Rev. Samuel Medley, 1738–1799.

"THERE ARE ANGELS HOVERING ROUND."

HUSBAND.

THE author of this tune was a clerk of Surrey Chapel, London.

THE GARDEN HYMN.

JEREMIAH INGALLS, 1764–1838.

The Lord into his garden comes;
The spices yield a rich perfume,
The lilies grow and thrive,
The lilies grow and thrive:
Refreshing showers of grace divine
From Jesus flow to every vine,
Which makes the dead revive,
Which makes the dead revive.

A HYMN of the Wesleyan revivals.

THE OLD NEW ENGLAND ANTHEM FOR EASTER.

BILLINGS, 1746–1800.

THE words were from Young's "Night Thoughts:"

"The Lord is risen indeed, Hallelujah!"

WATCH NIGHT.

JAMES LUCAS, OF ENGLAND, 1762–1800.

THE words of this old Wesleyan hymn and tune began thus:

Come, let us anew our journey pursue,
  Roll round with the year,
And never stand still till the Master appear!
His adorable will let us gladly fulfil,
  And our talents improve,
By the patience of hope and the labor of love.

"OH, HOW HAPPY ARE THEY!"

TUNE BY R. D. HUMPHREYS, OF THE SOUTH, 1820.

THE favorite old Wesleyan hymn of pioneer Methodism in America.

Oh, how happy are they
  Who the Saviour obey,
And have laid up their treasure above!
  Tongue can never express
  The sweet comfort and peace
Of a soul in its earliest love!

HENLEY.

MUSIC BY LOWELL MASON. "THE HALLELUJAH."

THIS was an old home tune greatly beloved a half-century ago.

Words by Miss Catherine A. Waterman, of Philadelphia (Mrs. Esling), born 1812. She was a member of the Protestant Episcopal Church.

Come unto me, ye who are heavy laden,
  Come unto me, ye who are sore oppressed,
The white-haired sire, the young and tender maiden,
  Come unto me, and I will give you rest.

Authors of Preludes.

THE AUTHORS OF PRELUDES, INTERLUDES, AND POSTLUDES.

PRELUDES, Interludes, and Postludes form a part of the service of nearly every church. When programmes are printed, as is often the case for festivals like Christmas, Easter, and anniversaries, the names of the authors of these musical services appear, as Handel, Bach, Cherubini, Batiste, Guilmant, Weley, Buck, etc. A large proportion of the worshippers seem to regard these services as mere musical exercises, useful chiefly to excite a devotional mood of thought, to continue it, and to conclude an hour of worship and dismiss an assembly. To devout and instructed people these are truly parts of the service, not mere mechanical exercises; and they are very elevating and helpful to those prepared to receive them.

Few people remain in the church during the postlude. The few who do so are usually people of a very religious nature or of especial culture. The number who linger will indicate often the devoutness as well as the taste of the congregation.

"There was one thing Mendelssohn could never do," said a musician.

"And what was that?" asked a friend.

"Play a congregation *out* of a church."

The inspiration of this great master was sufficient to continue the attention till the last note fell upon the unwilling ears.

"The only way to empty the church while he is

on the organ seat," said a sexton, "is to stop the bellows," which he one day did.

There are but few organists who can make the organ teach and preach, and who regard their work as a *spiritual* calling. Batiste, the organist of the historical St. Eustache, Paris, used to make himself acquainted with the service of the Sabbath before he went to the organ. He then sought the mood of the service, and when he began to improvise he arrested all wandering thoughts and feelings and brought them into sympathy and harmony with the subject and the occasion.

"I never sit down to the organ," said the beloved Christian organist of the musical Ruggles Street Church, Boston, "without doing my best, whether the audience be large or small." The music in this church is a service, and the organ is brought into harmony with the thought and subject of the service and is made to preach the gospel. The people usually remain until after the postlude, and many come to be prepared for the service by the prelude.

Is your organ consecrated to its work? Is it played for a musical display, or does it speak for God? Does it voice the spirit of the gospel, the sermon, and the occasion?

It is unnecessary to speak of the great tone masters, like Bach, Mozart, Handel, as the authors of these musical services. We will here speak of those organ poets whose works and aims are not so well known.

The French Revolution produced the French Acad-

emy of Music as a school of martial music and patriotic song. Out of it grew the Conservatoire, under the direction of Cherubini, and out of the Conservatoire a popular school of organ poets arose, such as Batiste, Weley, Guilmant, and Saint-Saens. There are few organ programmes for any special occasion on which the names of these pupils of Cherubini do not appear.

CHERUBINI.

CHERUBINI, who may be regarded as the founder of the poetic school of organ music, was born at Florence, 1760. After filling Europe with music he was appointed director of the Conservatoire in 1822, a position which he continued to hold for twenty years. He made it one of the finest schools for the composition and execution of sacred music. He published his famous "Requiem" for male voices when he was seventy-six years of age. He died in 1842.

Few teachers were ever so beloved by their pupils as was Cherubini. He had a very affectionate and spiritual nature, which was inspiring to all who came under its influence. His favorite pupil was the great organ-teacher Halevy, who attended him to the last like a son. Among his other famous pupils were Auber and Zimmerman.

WELEY.

WELEY, whose pastoral music and descriptive thunder-storm have made his work familiar even to the

popular ear, was born in 1817. His father was organist of St. Roche. The boy learned the scale before he knew the alphabet. At the age of eight he could play a whole mass. His master was Halevy. At the age of fifteen he gained prizes for organ counterpoint and fugue. He began to improvise on the organ of St. Roche, and soon became famous for his inspirational playing. This power of producing musical moods placed him at the head of a new school of organ music, which combined melody and sentiment with science. In 1847 he was appointed organist of the Madeleine.

He was severely criticised by the advocates of the more severe methods of music, for his playing often violated all the mechanical rules of art. His whole aim was to make the organ express the spirit of the occasion, to influence, mellow, preach. Rossini said to him one day, "People seem to like you as much for your artistic faults as for your good qualities."

His playing exhausted him. He experienced a great loss of nervous force in his musical moods. One day, after his health had begun to fail, a friend desired him to play at his wedding. "I will do so if I can," he promised. He went to the church with much exertion. As he stood at the foot of the organ stairs, he heard the signal that the wedding procession was coming. A long flight of steps led up to the organ. He felt unequal to the exertion, but with sudden resolution flew up the steps. He stopped at the top, had a coughing spell and a hemorrhage, and then threw

himself upon the organ-seat and gave to friendship one of his last efforts.

BATISTE.

ANTOINE EDOUARD BATISTE was born in Paris, 1820. He was admitted to the Conservatoire in 1828. He was a page of the Chapel Royal, became a lover of organ music, and was appointed teacher of lyric and sacred music at an early age. He became organist of St. Nicholas', and subsequently of the old historic church of St. Eustache.

WHITING.

AMERICA has a creditable record in the production of organ preludes and postludes. Conspicuous among the writers of such compositions are Geo. E. Whiting and Dudley Buck. Mr. Whiting was born at Hollis-ton, Mass., 1842. He began to study music at five years, with his brother, who was an organist at Spring-field. At the age of thirteen he appeared in public as an organist. Two years later he succeeded Dudley Buck as organist in Hartford, Conn. He studied with Morgan, went to England, and became a pupil of Best. He afterwards studied in Berlin, under Rüdecke. In 1874 he became the organist of the famous grand organ at Music Hall, Boston, and was the principal organ teacher in the New England Conservatory. He went

to Cincinnati as organist of the College of Music, but returned to Boston to the New England Conservatory. He has published several works for the organ which are rich in preludes, and these preludes are played everywhere and have become an almost universal call to devotion.

DUDLEY BUCK.

DUDLEY BUCK was born in Hartford, 1839. Musical inspiration filled his youth, and "what the boy admired, the youth desired, and the man acquired." He studied in Leipzig under the greatest masters, and subsequently in Dresden, giving special attention to the works of Bach. After three years in Germany he went to Paris, and acquainted himself with organists and music of the melodious school. He returned to America, served as organist in several conspicuous positions, and among them in Boston Music Hall. His music is much employed in the playing of preludes, interludes, and postludes.

FELIX ALEXANDRE GUILMANT.

THIS organ poet was born at Boulogne, 1837. His "Cradle Song," "Wedding March," and "Chant Seraphic" are well known. The last beautiful composition was written for the dedication of the great organ in Notre Dame Cathedral, Paris, and was inscribed to the memory of the composer's mother.

AN organist can often lead the devotional thought by introducing some old melody like one of Luther's chorals, or some once-loved revival hymn, and improvising upon it. Among the writers of such music the late Mr. Rider, of Tremont Temple, Boston, may be mentioned for his highly devotional work. "Old Hundred" may be so used, or "Olmutz," or Billings' "Majesty," or the "Star of Bethlehem." "Nearer, my God, to thee" is always appropriate for variations of melody that rightly elevate the thought.

How can congregations be made to appreciate preludes, interludes, and postludes? Only by education. But how can this be secured?

Have in each church a series of lectures on the writers of organ music. Let these lectures be illustrated on the organ, as "An evening with Handel," "An evening with Rossini," "An evening with Cherubini," "An evening with German composers," "An evening with American composers." When a congregation understands what a prelude means, that prelude becomes to them a religious poem. It conveys to them the same religious thought and feeling as the playing of Gregorian music, or the old choral, or the "Adeste Fideles," or "Old Hundred." People unwillingly listen to what they do not understand, and gladly to what they comprehend.

Let a selection from the "Messiah," "Elijah," or other familiar work be played, and there settles upon the congregation the attitude of devout attention. Variations on a well-known hymn or touching religious

ballad at once produce the devotional mood in a body of worshippers.

If the church employs these services, it surely becomes its duty to *instruct* the people in these services. There should be nothing meaningless in the house of God. An organist with an empty heart has no place there, nor any composition that expresses nothing to the soul. Every organist should be a Batiste in the method and conscientiousness of his work, and every work that is offered as a religious service to a congregation should be made intelligible to that congregation.

We have abridged these notices from articles furnished to the "Musical Visitor" by the editor.

Praise-Meeting Anecdotes.

PRAISE-MEETING ANECDOTES OF THE MISSION OF MUSIC.

THE simple Scottish air, "Come to Jesus," used to be sung at Jerry McAuley's Mission, and the assurance, "He will save you," was a powerful influence in awakening resolution to overcome evil.

The funeral of Jerry McAuley was such as New York city had never seen before. It was a golden September day. The church in which the services were to be held was crowded. The streets in the vicinity were filled with waiting people.

In the great throng that crowded church and street were ministers, philanthropists, merchants, thieves, confidence men, women with painted faces, children in rags. Before the pulpit, amid the sweetness of flowers, lay the dead form of a man who was once a river-thief. On the black drapery of the wall back of the pulpit were these words, the last words of him whose life the crowd had come to honor:

"It is all right!"

At the age of thirteen this man had landed from an emigrant ship in the great, crowded, wicked city. Alone in the wilderness of homes, he made the acquaintance and friendship of the low, the idle, and the vicious. He became a prize-fighter, a drunkard, a river-thief, and for his crimes was sentenced to Sing Sing.

But the life he led troubled his conscience. Weary

and sick of sin, he sought to escape it. In his seeking he found good men ready to help him. Soon there sprang up in his heart an almost patriarchal faith—a faith that the Spirit of God was able to change his sinful nature; that a new life, through a spiritual birth, was possible to him.

By it he was led to receive the truth with simple trust, believing that the Spirit of God would help him to overcome his evil desires, and thus he would become a new man in right living and in true and faithful service to a divine Master.

One day he stood up in a mission-chapel and said, "I stand here to-night a monument of God's grace, saved and kept by his power from everything that is sinful and bad—from drinking, gambling, stealing, from being a public nuisance, yes, a walking rag-shop—changed inside and outside, thank God. There may be some poor fellow here to-night without a friend, without any character left, without a home. If God saved me and has kept me, he will do the same for you if you will only let him. And trusting to his help, seek to save yourself."

Faith had saved him. It saved others. He established a mission in the most criminal and dangerous part of the city, and began to preach there the one doctrine of moral recovery through acceptance of a divine Master and an inward experience of spiritual aid furnished to a struggling soul by the Spirit of God.

Year by year the work went on. Some of the

most abandoned criminals were led to give themselves to this man's Master and to enter upon the new life. These experiences multiplied and became an influence. People wondered at its power. The story of the mission of Jerry McAuley filled the city and the country. The mission itself became a monument of faith.

And so on that calm September day thoughtful men gathered among the most depraved people to respect the memory of the dead river-thief. They saw a truth of Scripture as many of them had never seen it before: "If any man be in Christ, he is a new creature."

Faith has her conquests age by age, and such a man is a conqueror. Notorious Jerry McAuley, victorious through Him who loved him, and to whom he had given himself in an everlasting covenant! Tears fell like rain on his grave, and thousands of silent hearts and prayers pronounced over it their benedictions, and thus testified to the power of his life.

Multitudes of men and women more favored by circumstances might light their torch of faith at the taper of this poor man, and gain strength to overcome some inward evil when he overcame so many outward sins. Such a faith is for all; and for all who seek it in earnest is the promise of the same overcoming power.

"He will save you—just now.

"Only trust him—just now."

RAY PALMER'S SPIRITUAL EXPERIENCES.

REV. CHARLES S. ROBINSON, D. D., in an article in the "Congregationalist" on the Praise Service, gives some recollections of Rev. Ray Palmer which the conductors of services of song may very profitably use. We give an extract from the article:

Dr. Palmer was born at Little Compton, R. I., November 12, 1808, and was graduated from Yale College in 1830. After his theological education was finished he went to Bath, Me., where he had charge of the Central Congregational Church for fifteen years. He was pastor of the First Congregational Church in Albany from 1850 to 1865. He then acted as secretary of the American Congregational Union, and resided several years in New York city. Subsequently he was engaged in pastoral work in the Belleville Avenue Church of Newark, N. J., until his death, March 29, 1887. Thus he lived full of honors, labored with unusual success, and went to his rest loved and wept by all.

The story of his sacred song, "My faith looks up to Thee," the most famous perhaps, and certainly one of the most useful, belonging to modern times, has been often told. The author, Dr. Ray Palmer, gave the facts some years ago to a religious paper in London; he said it was written in New York in the house of a lady who kept the school in which he was a teacher. It was not prompted by any outward circumstances, nor had it any special call as a composi-

tion. He was then in poor health and was near twenty-two years of age. "It was born in my heart and demanded expression," the poet has revealed since. "There was not the slightest thought of writing for another eye, least of all of writing a hymn for Christian worship. I gave form to what I felt, by writing the stanzas, with little effort. I recollect I wrote them with very tender emotion and penned the last line with tears." This was in 1830, and the poem did not see the light again till 1833. Lowell Mason and Thomas Hastings were then compiling a small book called "Spiritual Songs for Social Worship;" it was a passing request made by Dr. Mason that Dr. Palmer would contribute to this, which brought out the hitherto unknown piece of poetry, in the recesses of a pocket-book. They were in Boston at the time. While the compiler waited, the composer went into a convenient store and copied the verses without any comment on either side; then each proceeded on his way. Dr. Mason wrote for the hymn the tune "Olivet," which has kept its company for all these wedded years with a sweet fidelity that no loving man has ever dared to disturb. Two or three days later Mr. Mason said, as he met his friend again, "Mr. Palmer, you may live many years, and do many good things, but I believe you will be best known to posterity as the author of the hymn 'My faith looks up to Thee.'"

At the time of Dr. Ray Palmer's death it was feared by some who loved him very much, so com-

manding was the fame of "My faith looks up to Thee," that its author was in danger of being considered "a hymnist of one hymn." Few singers, on sudden call, could repeat a list of first lines by which his best compositions besides that might be chosen for a funeral service in the various churches. None of them had, in all the years, become as familiar as that one. Now it is known that he himself thought "Jesus, these eyes have never seen" to be his best production, certainly next to that earliest of them all. It was one of its stanzas, the last in number, which he was overheard to repeat, in his feebleness, on the day before he died; and he was wont to call attention modestly to it when he was questioned by the compilers who wished to know his preferences.

The verse referred to is the following:

> "When death these mortal eyes shall seal,
> And still this throbbing heart,
> The rending veil shall Thee reveal
> All glorious as Thou art."

The hymn was composed in Albany, N. Y., in 1850; he entitled it, "Unseen—but not Unknown," and affixed to it a clause from 1 Pet. 1:8. The publication of it was first made in the "Sabbath Hymn-Book." The venerable author in person related the origin of it, disclosing a curious experience, which, to those who knew him, illustrates a certain kind of mysticism in the devotion and affection he felt for the Saviour, characteristic of some of his highest moods. He said he was seated at his study table preparing a



sermon which had Christ for its special theme. Needing a volume in his closed bookcase, he arose and opened the door. To his surprise, the very book appeared just at his hand. At once this suggested to his imagination the theme.

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL'S MUSIC.

MISS HAVERGAL was a true poet as well as writer of hymns. Her "Ascension Hymn" tune, to her own words, "Golden Harps are Sounding," is well known. "Havergal's Psalmody" contains her musical compositions.

Her work was very conscientiously done. "If I am to write to any good purpose, a great deal of living must go to a very little writing," she once said.

Her life conformed to this principle. What she wrote was the fruit of experience, and she consecrated her life to those duties that would give her the richest and most helpful experience out of which to write.

Miss Havergal died at Caswell Bay, Swansea, in 1879, at the age of forty-three. How her own life was an illustration of her conviction that a "great deal" of right "living" must be the basis of worthy and helpful writing, may be seen in her education, training, and benevolent work.

She had a beautiful voice for singing. This she cultivated in a most conscientious manner and devoted to the work of God. Her musical memory was so wonderful that she could play the best works of

Handel, Beethoven, and Mendelssohn without notes. She was a popular solo singer in choral societies, but she resolved, almost in her girlhood, that she would only sing such selections as were intended for the moral and spiritual good of others.

"Singing for God," she said, "is to me the most personal and direct commission I hold from my Master." She was true to her trust.

Her musical studies prepared the way for the writing of her hymns, but her heart preparation grew out of home mission work. It was the ambition of her girlhood to become a foreign missionary. Circumstances prevented. Disappointed, she resolved to devote herself to benevolent work among the poor and suffering in her father's parish.

She was an active worker in the home Sunday-school, the Church Missionary Society, and the Aid Societies. She gave Bible readings in the servants' halls. She was constantly seeking to relieve the wants of the poor, and she induced nearly all of the young people and the larger number of the adults in the town to sign the temperance pledge.

Out of the experiences of such right living grew her hymns and music, which are known in all intelligent Christian homes.

A single illustration will afford a view of her manner of work in the field of duty and with the pen:

"Perhaps you will be interested to know the origin of the consecration hymn, 'Take my life.' I

went for a little visit of five days. There were ten persons in the house whom I desired to turn to the helps and comforts of a religious life. He gave me the prayer, 'Lord, give me all in this house!' and he did! Before I left the house every one had sought a spiritual life. The last night of my visit I was too happy to sleep, and passed most of the night in praise and renewal of my own consecration, and these little couplets formed themselves and chimed in my heart one after another, till they finished with 'Ever, only, all for thee!'"

When this frail woman died, love covered her memory with its mantle, and the hands of the poor strewed her grave with flowers. The songs of her heart went over the world, the seeds of the experiences that claim the hopes and promises of heaven.

JENNY LIND'S MOTIVE.

YEARS ago we heard Jenny Lind sing in the "Messiah." She revealed, by her rendering of "I know that my Redeemer liveth," the ability of song to interpret the sublimest of themes.

She sang, "Though worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh I shall see God," with a tone and a phrasing that made the doctrine of the resurrection luminous.

"She must be a Christian," we mused as we went out from the concert hall, "else she could never have

given these vivid expositions of faith in the Lord who rose again from the dead."

The musing of forty years ago was confirmed the other day by reading the reminiscences of the Rev. C. A. Wilkinson, the English chaplain to the King of Hanover. He met Jenny Lind just after she had signed her contract to sing in the United States.

In the course of their conversation she mentioned the great ignorance of the lower classes in Stockholm, and their indifference to the education of their children.

"I have," she said, "determined to endow schools for these poor little children. My motive in going to America is to earn thirty-six thousand pounds, which I intend to hand over to trustees who will carry out my plans.

"May I not, sir, hope for God's blessing upon this work, undertaken for the lambs of Christ's flock? My daily prayer is that I may be spared three years, so that I may carry out my plans for my poor children in Stockholm. Is there anything in that prayer inconsistent with submission to the will of God?"

One morning, after a charity concert which she had given, the clergyman found her counting and sealing up the money received, preparatory to distributing it among the poor. He began complimenting her, but she cut him short by saying,

"It is the only return I can make unto the good Lord for the gift he has bestowed upon me, which is the great joy of my life. I can only repay him

through the poor and the suffering. This I delight to do."

When Bishop Stanley of Norwich, the father of Dean Stanley, was sneered at for receiving "a professional singer into the Episcopal palace," the "professional" being Jenny Lind, he replied,

"I always wish to honor virtue and talent wherever I may find them. As to my friendship with Jenny Lind, I have no hesitation in saying that I consider that I am the person benefited. For I never converse with her without feeling myself a better man."

The chaplain says he indorses that compliment as the literal truth, for he himself never departed from her society without feeling himself a better man for having conversed with her.

Her soul and heart seemed absorbed in the thought of obeying St. James' rule:

"Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this, to visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world." "Youth's Companion."

A GRAND THANKSGIVING.

THAT was a memorable Thanksgiving when, in the early spring of 1493, Columbus returned from his first voyage of discovery to Palos, and hastened to meet the Spanish sovereigns at Barcelona. Columbus was a man of faith. "God made me the messenger

of the new heavens and the new earth," he said in his old age, "and told me where to find them." It was this patriarchal faith that inspired him to weigh the earth and to travel the unknown seas.

Palos throbbed with excitement as the banner of the cross and crowns of Columbus rose above the wave and streamed into the harbor. The bells rang. On landing, Columbus and his crew went to the principal church, accompanied by the whole population, and offered up solemn thanksgivings for the success of the expedition. Columbus hastened to Barcelona to meet the Court. His journey was a triumphal march.

It was the middle of April, the month of nightingales and flowers. Columbus entered the city amid music, bells, and shouts of triumph. Ferdinand and Isabella, seated under a superb canopy, received him as a viceroy rather than an admiral, and requested him to relate to them the history of his voyage. He did so, surrounded by the Indians whom he had brought with him, with their gay plumes, and offerings of tropic birds and fruits.

As he ended his wonderful narrative, there arose a burst of music and bore away to heaven the thoughts of the sovereigns and nobles and people, already thrilled and melted by the most marvellous tale ever told of human achievement.

It was the chapel-choir of Isabella.

"We praise thee, O God; we acknowledge thee to be the Lord; all the earth doth worship thee, the Father everlasting."

The majestic Latin hymn swept on until it reached the sublime words,

"Holy, holy, Lord God of hosts; heaven and earth are full of the majesty of thy glory!"

It was perhaps the most happy moment of Columbus' life—this first thanksgiving for the new world.

Lectures on the favorite hymns of the Christian church, illustrated by praise services, have long been popular. Lectures on the tunes, illustrated in like manner, may be made profitable. The writer has frequently given such lectures in Boston and its vicinity and has sought to use the tunes in this way, not as a mere matter of history and entertainment, but as a narrative of religious experience. In such lectures it is well to select the tunes that voice a spiritual history, to relate the author's experience, and then have the tune sung.

A tune like the "Adeste Fideles" may be made the text of a talk on Christmas church music. "Palm Branches" may serve as the text for a talk on Easter music. "Hallelujah! what a Saviour!" may serve as an evening topic for a lecture on the life and work of P. P. Bliss. So also an evening lecture may be given to Dykes with profit, to Lowell Mason or George F. Root, using in each case the tunes of these composers. An evening with the tunes of the Reformation, or with the Wesleyan hymns and tunes, or the Scotch tunes, might be made spiritually helpful.

"America" might afford the text for an evening talk on national music and Christian patriotism, and the "Missionary Hymn" for a talk on missionary music and its influence in heathen lands. In large churches there might profitably be lectures on postludes, preludes, and interludes, which would be really a history of the oratorios.

It may well concern every leader of a praise service to inquire of the singers if they have indeed the knowledge of this new spiritual song—the song of life, the song of triumph in view of death, the alphabet of the eternal harmony of heaven. Have they that from which the new song springs—the "new heart," the "new spirit," the "new life"? Has the harmony of the soul with God begun in them? the harmony which pervades the life of the renewed on earth, which lifts over death the song of deliverance, and prepares the whole spiritual being for the celestial choirs?

The New Song.

THE NEW SONG.

WE know not how far the poetic conception of Waller may be true:

> "The soul's dark cottage, battered and decayed,
> Lets in new light through chinks that time has made;
> Stronger by weakness, wiser men become
> As they draw near to their eternal home:
> Leaving the old, both worlds at once they view
> That stand upon the threshold of the new."

But the new spiritual life is a song of the soul. It is the beginning of spiritual harmony with God, and its natural expression is the melody of praise. Heaven in the Scriptures is pictured as full of song. The utterance of regeneration is song; of sanctification, song; of glorification, song.

Song is often the first and most natural outflow of a Christian life on earth. The new song begins in the soul before the gates of the unseen world open and the glory of God is revealed. We have referred to the last hours of Oliver Holden, the author of the hymn-tune "Coronation," and to the music that seemed to fill his soul. The last hours of Bradbury were as beautiful. Chopin and Mozart died seeking the consolations of song, but to Holden and Bradbury the new song seemed itself to come.

We are not to look for surprises in life's last hour, nor to expect to hear the new song with mortal ears. But the rest of love after the hard service of life brings to many a harmony of spiritual trust and elevation like an even-song.

"Do you see," said Edmund Auger, "that blessed assembly who await my arrival? Do you hear that sweet music with which holy men invite me, that I may henceforth be a partaker of their happiness? How delightful it is to be in the society of blessed spirits! Let us go! We must go! Let me go!"

A like sense of harmony with spiritual things marked the last hours of Bishop Haven. Says one:

"Groups gathered round his death-bed to muse over the transition from death unto life.

"'It is so pleasant, so beautiful, so delightful, dying!' said the bishop. 'The angels are here. God lifts me up so in his arms, I cannot see the river of death. There is no river. It is all light. I am floating away from earth up into heaven. I am gliding away into God.'

"'Good-night!' said an old friend, as he turned away.

"'Good-night!' was the reply, 'but when we meet again it will be Good-morning.'

"And so was fulfilled the word of the prophet, 'At evening-time it shall be light.' There was no night about that couch, for the light of immortality had touched it."

"I have had wealth, power, and fame," said Prince Albert, when near his end. "If they were all I had, what should I have now?" He repeated the first lines of the hymn "Rock of Ages."

An old German choral had been the favorite tune of the prince. The music is said to have been by Decius, 1524:

"When my last hour is close at hand,
My last sad journey taken,
Do thou, Lord Jesus, by me stand;
Let me not be forsaken.
O Lord! my spirit I resign
Into thy loving hands divine;
'T is safe within thy keeping."

This song of his life became a picture of his death, and it was sung at his funeral.

Beautiful is the hymn in which Robert Grant voiced his experience in the active days of his Christian service:

"Oh, worship the King all-glorious above;
Oh, gratefully sing his power and his love!
Our Shield and Defender, the Ancient of Days,
Pavilioned in splendor and girded with praise."

Sweeter yet was the even-song of his life:

"And now in age and grief thy name
Does still my languid heart inflame
And bow my faltering knee.
Oh, yet this bosom feels the fire,
This trembling hand and drooping lyre
Has yet a strain for thee.

"Yes, broken, tuneless, yet, O Lord,
This voice thy mercy shall record,
Thy mercy tried so long:
Till sinking slow with calm decay,
Its feeble murmurs melt away
Into a seraph's song."

But death-triumphs are only the parting chorus of the new song. The spiritual singing in the soul begins when the soul has its first sense of the love and forgiveness of God. The song of regeneration and trust is the first note of the new song that shall ascend into heaven.

The new song is the same in all languages, and in it all true Christian hearts the world around unite, however diverse their denominational forms and creeds. It is destined to increase in volume and in harmony till the whole world joins in it.

> "One song employs all nations, and all cry,
> 'Worthy the Lamb, for he was slain for us!'
> The dwellers in the vales and on the rocks
> Shout to each other, and the mountain-tops
> From distant mountains catch the flying joy,
> Till, nation after nation taught the strain,
> Earth rolls the rapturous Hosanna round."

And the same ever-new song all will continue in heaven. "The Christian singers and composers of all ages will be there to join in the song. Thomas Hastings will be there. Lowell Mason will be there. Bradbury will be there. Beethoven and Mozart will be there. They who sounded the cymbals and the trumpets in the ancient temple will be there. The forty thousand harpers that stood at the ancient dedication will be there. The two hundred singers that assisted on that day will be there. Patriarchs who lived amid threshing-floors, shepherds who watched amid Judæan hills, prophets who walked with long beards and coarse apparel, pronouncing woe against ancient abominations, will meet the more recent martyrs who went up with leaping cohorts of fire; and some will speak of the Jesus of whom they prophesied, and others of the Jesus for whom they died. Oh, what a song!"

TALMAGE.

INDEX AND NOTES.

Abt, Franz Wilhelm, 1819 ---- 15

Adeste Fideles ---- 15, 197

Almost Persuaded ---- 17

Ambrose ---- 137, 175

America ---- 20

American Hymn ---- 22

Amsterdam ---- 23

Antioch ---- 24

Arkwright, Mrs. ---- 177

Arlington ---- 25

Arne, Thomas Augustine ---- 25

Arnheim ---- 25

Rev. Elias Nason, in the "Gazette" of Massachusetts, says that Dr. Samuel Holyoke, of Boxford, was born 1762 and died 1820. So "Arnheim" dates with the Declaration of Independence. W. E. CHUTE.

Art thou weary?

Music arranged by Monk, 1860.

Athens ---- 202

At sea.

Music by Dr. Root. Words written by a friend of Dr. Root on the ocean steamer "Circassian," and sent to him for music.

My God, on seas of storm and calm
I pass the ocean o'er,
And sing to thee my thankful psalm
Each evening nearer shore.
Thine is the storm, thine is the calm,
Wherever I may be,
And nothing shall my soul alarm
Upon the silent sea.

Auld Lang Syne ---- 25

Avison ---- 26

Avison, Charles, 1710–1783 ---------- 26

Bach, Johann Sebastian, 1685–1750 ---------- 145

Balerma ---------- 27

Ball ---------- 199

Barnby, 1838 ---------- 143, 168, 198

Bartholdy, Felix Mendelssohn, 1809–1847 ---------- 63, 103

Batiste, Antoine Edouard ---------- 217

Battle Hymn of Gustavus Adolphus.

The chorale was written by Altenburg, a minister in Thuringia. The hymn was written by the King of Sweden after the victory of Leipsic, and edited by his chaplain, Dr. Fabricius, for the use of the army (1621). Gustavus sang this hymn with his army before the battle of Lutzen, 1632, in which battle he met death,

Fear not, O little flock, the foe
Who madly seeks your overthrow;
Dread not his rage and power.
What though your courage sometimes faints;
This seeming triumph o'er God's saints
Lasts but a little hour.

Fear not, be strong! your cause belongs
To him who can avenge your wrongs;
Leave all to him, your Lord.
Though hidden yet from mortal eyes,
Salvation shall for you arise;
He girdeth on his sword.

As true as God's own promise stands,
Not earth nor hell with all their bands
Against us shall prevail;
The Lord shall mock them from his throne;
God is with us; we are his own;
Our victory cannot fail!

Amen, Lord Jesus, grant our prayer,
Great Captain, now thine arm make bare,
Thy church with strength defend;
So shall thy saints and martyrs raise
A joyful chorus to thy praise
Through ages without end.

GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS, in prose.
JACOB FABRICIUS.
Tr. by MISS C. WINKWORTH.

Battle Hymn of the Republic ---------- 27

Benevento ---------- 31

Bethany ---------- 32

Beyond the smiling and the weeping ---------- 32

Billings, William, 1746–1800 ---------- 33, 104, 207, 208

Bishop, Sir H. R., 1786–1855 ---------- 56

Bliss, P. P., 1838–1876 ---------- 17, 40, 54, 60, 100, 119, 124, 141, 150, 160, 177, 180, 181, 183, 184

Bower of Prayer ---------- 33

Boylston ---------- 32


IOHAN. CALVINUS. VERE THEOLOGUS ECCLESIASTES GENEVENSIS.
Promptè et Sincerè.

Bradbury, William B., 1816–1868 ---------- 53, 58, 114, 168, 199

Brown, Samuel R., 1810–1880 ---------- 114

Browne, Miss ---------- 177

Buck, Dudley ---------- 208

Caldwell, William, 1830 ---------- 207

Calkin, John Baptiste, 1827 ---------- 179

Calvin's Hymn.

George F. Root wrote the music to the following:

I greet thee, who my sure Redeemer art,
My only trust, and Saviour of my heart,
Who so much toil and woe
And pain didst undergo
For my poor, worthless sake.
We pray thee from our hearts,
All idle griefs and smarts
‖:And foolish cares to take.:‖

Thou art the true and perfect gentleness,
No harshness hast thou and no bitterness;
Make us to taste and prove,
Make us adore and love
The sweet grace found in thee;
With longing to abide
Ever at thy dear side,
‖:In thy sweet unity.:‖

Poor, banished exiles, wretched sons of Eve,
Full of all sorrows, unto thee we grieve,
To thee we bring our sighs,
Our groanings and our cries,
Thy pity, Lord, we crave:
We take the sinner's place,
And pray thee, of thy grace,
‖:To pardon and to save.:‖

Carey, Henry ---------- 20

Cherubini ---------- 215

Chester ---------- 33

China ---------- 35

Christmas ---------- 201

Christmas Doxology ---------- 204

Clarendon Street.

Leonard Marshall, a Boston composer and compiler of music, and a once active menber of the Handel and Haydn Society.

Columbus' Hymn ---------- 159

This is commonly called the "*Ave Maris Stella.*" It was in reality the "*Salve Regina.*" A poem in "Harper's Bazar" (Christmas Number, 1889,) pictures the singing of the hymn as the first Christmas song in the New World. The music is old Italian.

Columbus' Thanksgiving ---------- 233

Come, thou fount of every blessing.
Music by Rev. A. Nettleton.

"Come unto Him" ---- 36
Coronation ---- 38
Creation ---- 39
Crusaders' Song.
Rev. A. G. Gordon, of Clarendon Street Baptist Church, Boston.
Danks, H. P., 1834 ---- 76
Dare to be a Daniel ---- 40
Dixon, William ---- 84
Doane, William Howard, 1831 ---- 151, 158, 176
Dykes, J. B., 1823-1876 ---- 54, 84
Ein' Feste Burg ---- 40
Elliott ---- 43
Eventide ---- 46
Ewing, A., 1830 ---- 69
Faure, Jean Batiste ---- 148
Federal Street ---- 48
Flee as a bird to your Mountain ---- 51
Folsom ---- 200
Franck, Guillaume, 1520-1570 ---- 131, 159
Gently, Lord, oh, gently lead us.
Dr. Thomas Hastings regarded church music as a sacred calling. Besides his numerous books of church music he wrote some six hundred hymns. Wherever "Rock of Ages" is sung his presence is felt. In 1822 he wrote a work on "Musical Taste," in which he said, "Religion has the same claim substantially in song as in speech."
Giardini, Felice de, 1716-1796 ---- 68, 202
Giornovichi, 1775-1804 ---- 66
God is Love.
Music by G. H. Cornell, 1865.
Grander than ocean strong ---- 52
Greenville ---- 52
Gregory the Great ---- 136

Guilmant, Felix Andre ---------- 218
Hamburg ---------- 52
Handel, George Frederick, 1684–1759 ----------24, 36, 67, 201
Hark, hark, my soul! ---------- 84
Hassler, Hans Georg, 1564–1612 ---------- 145
Hastings, Dr. Thomas, 1784–1872 ----------144, 155, 178
Havergal, Frances Ridley ---------- 229
Haydn, Johann Michael, 1737–1808 ---------- 198
Haydn, Joseph, 1732–1809 ---------- 39
Hebron ---------- 53
He leadeth me ---------- 53
Henley ---------- 209
Hinsdale ---------- 53
Holden, Oliver, 1765–1844 ----------9, 38
"Hold the fort!" ---------- 54
Holtzman ---------- 106
Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty----------54, 84
Holy night! peaceful night!
G. Burnaby, 1868.
Holyoke, Samuel, 1762–1816 ---------- 25
Home, sweet home ---------- 56
Hope ---------- 58
How precious the Name ---------- 59
Hymn to the Nativity ---------- 59
"I am so glad that our Father in heaven" ---------- 60
"If I were a voice" ---------- 60
If with all your hearts ---------- 63
"If you cannot on the ocean" ---------- 65
"I heard the voice of Jesus say" ---------- 66
"I know that my Redeemer liveth" ---------- 67
Indian hymn ---------- 67

"I need thee every hour" ---------- 67

I NEED thee every hour,
Most gracious Lord;
No tender voice like thine
Can peace afford.

I need thee, oh, I need thee,
Every hour I need thee;
Oh, bless me now, my Saviour,
I come to thee!

I need thee every hour;
Stay thou near by;
Temptations lose their power
When thou art nigh.

I need thee every hour,
In joy or pain;
Come quickly and abide,
Or life is vain.

I need thee every hour;
Teach me thy will;
And thy rich promises
In me fulfil.

I need thee every hour,
Most Holy One;
Oh, make me thine indeed,
Thou blessed Son!

MRS. ANNIE S. HAWKS.

In a letter to the author the Rev. Robert Lowry, D. D., writes: "'I Need Thee Every Hour' was written by Mrs. Annie S. Hawks, in 1872, in Brooklyn, N. Y. I believe it was the expression of her own experience. It came to me in the form of five simple stanzas, to which I added the chorus to make it more serviceable. It inspired me at its first reading. It first appeared in a small collection of original songs prepared for the National Baptist Sunday-school Association, held in Cincinnati in November, 1872, and was sung on that occasion."

Mrs. Annie Sherwood Hawks was born in New York State, in 1835. For some years she has resided in Brooklyn, N. Y. NUTTER.

Ingalls, Jeremiah, 1764-1838 ---------- 59, 129, 208

In heavenly love abiding.

(TUNE, "Goldmark.") Music by Mendelssohn. Words by Anna L. Waring, in "Hymns and Meditations," London, 1850.

In the cross of Christ I glory.

I. Conkey.

In thy name, O Lord, assembling.

E. W. Hopkins, London, 1863.

Italian Hymn ---------- 68

"I was a wandering sheep" ---------- 68

Jerome, Frank E. ---------- 27

"Jerusalem the golden" ---------- 69

Jesus in the temple ---------- 69

"Jesus, the very thought is sweet."

Robert Schumann, 1810-1854.

Jewels ---------- 70

Jewett ---------- 71

"Joyfully, joyfully onward I move" ---- 73

The author of the words was probably Rev. Wm. Hunter, D. D. He was born in Ireland in 1811, and came to this country when a child. In early life he labored untiringly to secure an education, and was graduated at Madison College in 1833. He was for some years an editor, and then Professor of Hebrew and Biblical Literature in Allegheny College. Dr. Hunter was an able preacher and a sound and thorough instructor. He was the author of a large number of hymns, which appeared in his three books of song, viz., "Select Melodies," 1838–51; "Minstrel of Zion," 1845; and "Songs of Devotion," 1860. NUTTER.

Judgment hymn ---- 74

Just as I am ---- 44

English tune by Sir George G. Elvey, born 1816.

Keller, Matthias, 1813 ---- 22

Knocking ---- 75

Laban ---- 76

Lake Street ---- 76

Lampe's tunes ---- 77

Lanesboro ---- 84

Lansingburg ---- 84

Latin Church children's carol ---- 201

Lead, kindly Light ---- 84

Leoni ---- 94

"Let the lower lights be burning" ---- 100

"Life is weary, Saviour, take me" ---- 101

"Lift thine eyes" ---- 103

Lind, Jenny ---- 231

Love divine, all love excelling.

H. Isaac, 1490. The popular American tune is a Scottish melody. Isaac's music appears in "The Tribute of Praise."

Loving-kindness ---- 207

Lowry, R., 1826 ---- 67, 160

Lucas, James, 1762–1800 ---- 208

Luther's song ---- 200

Magnificat ---- 103

Main, Hubert P. ---- 181

"Majestic sweetness sits enthroned."

"Ortonville," by Dr. Hastings.

Majesty ---------- 104

The Lord descended from above
And bowed the heavens most high,
And underneath his feet he cast
The darkness of the sky.

On cherubim and seraphim
Full royally he rode,
And on the wings of mighty winds
Came flying all abroad.

He sat serene upon the floods,
Their fury to restrain;
And he, as sovereign Lord and King,
For evermore shall reign.

Give glory to his awful name,
And honor him alone;
Give worship to his majesty
Upon his holy throne.

THOMAS STERNHOLD, ALT.

Marseillaise Hymn ---------- 106
Marsh, Symeon B., 1798–1875 ---------- 108
Martyn ---------- 108
Mason, Lowell, 1792–1872 ---------- 24, 32, 43, 52, 53, 76, 114, 120, 134, 209
Maxim's Melodies ---------- 109
McAuley, Jerry ---------- 223
McDonald, William ---------- 155
Merrill, A. D., 1796–1878 ---------- 73
Merton ---------- 111
Millennial Dawn ---------- 113
Miller, James ---------- 184
Missionary Hymn ---------- 113
Monk, Henry, 1823 ---------- 46
Monson ---------- 114

"More like Jesus would I be."

Composed by Dr. Doane for the Howard Mission, New York, to words written by Fanny Crosby during a season of devotion.

"More to follow" ---------- 119
Mozart ---------- 200
Mozart, J. C. W. A., 1756–1791 ---------- 200
Mt. Vernon ---------- 120
Muhlenberg ---------- 121
My ain countrie ---------- 124

Nares, James, 1715–1783 ---------- 23

Neumarck, George, 1621–1681 ---------- 101

Neander, Joachim, 1610–1680 ---------- 84

New England Anthem for Easter ---------- 208

Ninety and nine ---------- 126

Northfield ---------- 129

O Church of Christ ---------- 130

"Oh, how happy are they!" ---------- 209

Old Hundred ---------- 131

Old revival melodies ---------- 207

Oliver, Henry K., 1800–1885 ---------- 48, 112

Olivet ---------- 134

Olney.

This tune was selected by Charles Wesley for his hymn, "A charge to keep I have."

Olmutz ---------- 136

O Christ, our King, Creator, Lord,
Saviour of all who trust thy word,
To them who seek thee ever near,
Now to our praises bend thine ear.

Thou didst create the stars of night,
Yet thou hast veiled in flesh thy light,
Hast deigned a mortal form to wear,
A mortal's painful lot to bear.

In thy dear cross a grace is found,
It flows from every streaming wound,
Whose power our inbred sin controls,
Breaks the firm bond and frees our souls.

When thou didst hang upon the tree,
The quaking earth acknowledged thee;
When thou didst there yield up thy breath,
The world grew dark as shades of death.

Now in the Father's glory high,
Great Conqueror, never more to die,
Us by thy mighty power defend,
And reign through ages without end.

GREGORY THE GREAT.

TR. BY R. PALMER.

Title: "The Lordship of Christ."
This translation was contributed to "The Sabbath Hymn-Book." 1858.
The Latin title is "*Rex Christe, Factor omnium.*"
Gregory was born in Rome about 541, was well educated, and in early life was in the employ of the State. Upon the death of his father he inherited great wealth, much of which he spent in building monasteries. He founded St. Andrew's at Rome, which he entered as a deacon. Upon the death of Pelagius, Bishop of Rome, Gregory was chosen by the clergy and people as his successor. The Emperor Maurice confirmed the election, and, much against his will, it is said, Gregory was installed Pope in 595. He was a student of

the Scriptures, and labored to circulate them among the people. He was also a founder and patron of missions, that to England among others. The Bishop of Rome did not then arrogate to himself universal sovereignty. John, Patriarch of Constantinople, about this time assumed the title of Universal Bishop; which act Gregory called "proud, heretical, blasphemous, anti-Christian, and diabolical;" and in opposition thereto he assumed the title of "Servant of servants" (*Servus servorum Domini*). He claimed that Christ was the only universal Head of the Church. Gregory was a lover of sacred music, and cultivated chanting in the church service. NUTTER.

Once in David's royal city.

Dr. H. G. Gauntlett, 1806–1876.

One sweetly solemn thought ---------- 140

The English chant to this is by L. T. Downes, born 1824.

"Only remembered" ---------- 141

Onward, Christian soldiers ---------- 141

Onward, Christian soldiers!
Marching as to war,
With the cross of Jesus
Going on before.
Christ, the royal Master,
Leads against the foe;
Forward into battle,
See, his banners go!

Onward, Christian soldiers!
Marching as to war,
With the cross of Jesus
Going on before.

At the sign of triumph
Satan's host doth flee;
On, then, Christian soldiers,
On to victory!
Hell's foundations quiver
At the shout of praise;
Brothers, lift your voices,
Loud your anthems raise.

Like a mighty army
Moves the church of God;
Brothers, we are treading
Where the saints have trod;
We are not divided,
All one body we,
One in hope and doctrine,
One in charity.

Crowns and thrones may perish,
Kingdoms rise and wane,
But the Church of Jesus
Constant will remain;
Gates of hell can never
'Gainst that Church prevail;
We have Christ's own promise,
And that cannot fail.

Onward, then, ye people!
Join our happy throng,
Blend with ours your voices
In the triumph-song;
Glory, laud, and honor
Unto Christ the King,
This through countless ages
Men and angels sing.

Sabine Baring-Gould, born 1834. The hymn was published in "Church Tunes," 1865, and in "Hymns Ancient and Modern," 1875.

O Paradise ---------- 143

Ortonville ---------- 144

"O sacred Head, now wounded" ---------- 145

Osborne, John ---- 33
Paine, John Knowles, 1839 ---- 59
Palestrina ---- 147
Palestrina, Giovanni, 1524–1594 ---- 147
Palm branches ---- 148
Palmer, Rev. Ray, D. D. ---- 226
Parker, J. C. D., 1828 ---- 151
Phillips, Philip, 1834 ---- 65
Pleyel, Ignatius, 1757–1831 ---- 7, 149
Pleyel's Hymn ---- 149
Portugal, Marcus, 1763–1834 ---- 15
Portuguese Hymn ---- 150
Praise meetings ---- 12, 221
Pull for the shore ---- 150
Redemption hymn ---- 151
"Rescue the perishing" ---- 151
Rest for the weary ---- 155
Retreat ---- 155
Rock of ages ---- 158
The popular hymn tune is by Hastings.
Root, George F., 1820 ---- 9, 69, 70, 75, 130, 166
Rousseau, Jean Jacques, 1712–1778 ---- 52
Safe in the arms of Jesus ---- 158
Salve Regina ---- 159
Sankey, Ira D. ---- 126
Scotch minor tunes ---- 159
Seeking to save ---- 160
"Shall we gather at the river?" ---- 160
Sherwin, W., 1826 ---- 52
Shining shore ---- 166
Sicily ---- 167
"Silent night! holy night!" ---- 198

Siloam ---------- 167

Simpson, Robert, 1790–1832 ---------- 27

Sometimes a light surprises.
John Hullah, in 1867.

St. Andrew's ---------- 168

Stebbins, G. C., 1846 ---------- 32

Stickney, John, 1742–1826 ---------- 204

Still, still with Thee.
Music adapted from Mendelssohn, 1809–1847.

St. Martin's ---------- 168

Sullivan, Sir Arthur S., 1842 ---------- 141

Swan, Timothy, 1758–1842 ---------- 35

Sweet Afton.
By J. E. Spilman. Adapted to sacred words.

Sweet By-and-by ---------- 168

Sweet hour of prayer ---------- 168

Tallis' evening hymn ---------- 169

Tallis, Thomas ---------- 169

Tansur, William, 1699–1770 ---------- 168

"Te Deum Laudamus" ---------- 172

"Tell me the old, old story" ---------- 176

The better land ---------- 177

"The breaking waves dashed high" ---------- 177

The endless Hallelujah! ---------- 198

The garden hymn ---------- 208

"The light of the world is Jesus" ---------- 177

The living fountain.
Henry Smart, 1868.

The Lord is my Shepherd.
English Church service. By Henry Smart, London, 1813–1879. It would be impossible here to give a long and exhaustive account of the life and labors of Henry Smart, although his name must be included among representative English Church composers, if only for the sake of his noble Service in F, which is well known and deservedly popular. A paraphrase of the twenty-third Psalm, "The Lord is my Shepherd," is also a great favorite, and there

are many of his anthems occasionally given, even if they are not so widely known as they might be. It is true that all these compositions are excellent, but, unlike his organ music and his secular writings, they do not represent any distinct rank in art, though they most worthily maintain a dignity of style. As a musician, the great honor he has earned is more for his power as a composer for the organ and for his charming songs and graceful part-songs, than for his anthems and pieces for the church. In addition to those above mentioned he wrote a fine evening Service in G, and one in B flat, and a number of most beautiful hymn tunes in various collections which entitle him to special distinction.

He also composed a sacred cantata entitled "Jacob," written for Glasgow in 1873, and many sacred songs and duets which belong properly to the region of domestic music. Much of his organ music is frequently played in churches, and speaks of a mind of no common order.

ENGLISH CHURCH COMPOSERS.

The messenger-bird ---------- 177

"There are angels hovering round" ---------- 208

There is a blessed home.

John Stainer.

There is a green hill far away.

Richard Storrs Willis, in 1860; also by Pensuti.

There is a happy land ---------- 178

Recent music by S. S. Wesley, 1864.

Thomson, George, 1757–1851 ---------- 25

To-day the Saviour calls.

Music by Lowell Mason to words by Dr. Hastings. The latter composer wrote several beautiful hymns of spiritual invitation, among them, "To-day the Saviour calls," and "Expostulation," beginning:

Delay not, delay not, O sinner; draw near;
The waters of life are now flowing for thee;
No price is demanded; the Saviour is here;
Redemption is purchased, salvation is free.

Delay not, delay not, O sinner, to come,
For Mercy still lingers and calls thee to-day;
Her voice is not heard in the vale of the tomb;
Her message unheeded will soon pass away.

"To-day the Saviour calls" was a theme furnished Dr. Hastings by Rev. S. F. Smith.

Toplady ---------- 178

Tourjée, Dr. Eben ---------- 12, 140

Tourjée, Lizzie S. ---------- 180

Turner.
One of Maxim's tunes.

Union hymn ---------- 207

Unity ("When shall we meet again?")
Lowell Mason.

When shall we meet again?
Meet ne'er to sever?
When will peace wreathe her chain
Round us for ever?
Our hearts will ne'er repose,
Safe from each blast that blows,
In this dark vale of woes:
Never, no, never!

When shall love freely flow
Pure as life's river?
When shall sweet friendship glow,
Changeless for ever?
Where joys celestial thrill,
Where bliss each heart shall fill,
And fears of parting chill
Never, no, never!

Up to that world of light
Take us, dear Saviour!
May we all there unite,
Happy for ever!
Where kindred spirits dwell,
There may our music swell,
And time our joys dispel
Never, no, never!

Soon shall we meet again,
Meet ne'er to sever;
Soon will peace wreathe her chain
Round us for ever:
Our hearts will then repose,
Secure from worldly woes:
Our songs of praise shall close
Never, no, never!

Mr. Mason found the first stanza of this hymn, which was written by A. A. Watts, poet, London, 1797–1864. He gave it to Rev. S. F. Smith as a hymn-study for his music. Mr. Smith wrote the last three stanzas.

"Watchman, tell us of the night."
Lowell Mason, in 1830.

Watch night ---------- 208

Webb ---------- 179

Webb, George James, 1803-1887 ---------- 113, 179

Webbe, Samuel, 1740-1816 ---------- 31

Weber, Carl Maria von, 1786-1826 ---------- 71

Webster, J. P., 1819-1875 ---------- 168

"Welcome, happy morning" ---------- 179

Weley ---------- 215

Wellesley ---------- 180

We march to victory.
Joseph Barnby, in 1869.

"We 're going home to-morrow" ---------- 180

"We shall meet beyond the river" ---------- 181

The popular tune to this funeral hymn was written by Hubert P. Main, in 1867, and published in "Bright Jewels." It also appears in "Winnowed Hymns"

and in Moody and Sankey's collections. The words were written by Rev. John Atkinson, D. D., in 1867, soon after the death of his mother. One night amid revival work he returned home and his thoughts were of his mother. The song came to him. "There in the silence of midnight," he says, "I wrote the hymn."

"What shall the harvest be?" ---- 181

When, His salvation bringing.
Berthold Tours.

"When Jesus comes" ---- 183

When, marshalled on the nightly plain ---- 184

"When shall the voice of singing."
Rev. G. S. Lederbotham, Oxford, England.

Whiting, George E. ---- 217

"Whosoever will" ---- 184

Windham.
Daniel Read of New Haven, 1757–1838.

With gladsome feet we press.
George A. McFarren, in 1867.

Woodbury, I. B., 1819–1858 ---- 60, 167

"Yes, my native land, I love thee" ---- 189

Zinzendorf's hymn ---- 192

Zundel, John, 1815–1882 ---- 68

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